

Now Ready for the Xmas and New Year's Trade.

with the largest and finest assorted stock of Fancy China, Crockery, Glassware, etc., ever displayed in Napanee, consisting of Fine Dinner Sets, Fruit and Milk sets, Salad Bowls, Bread and Butter Plates, and many other lines too numerous to mention. Also a full line of the Finest Family Groceries, consisting of Japan, Black and Ceylon Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Raisins, Currants, Figs, Dates, Walnuts, Almonds, Lemon, Orange and Citron Peel, Dried Peaches, Mince Meat, Oranges, Lemons, Finnan Haddies, Canned Goods of all kinds, and also the Celebrated English Breakfast Bacon, and Tilly's Tea, in packages.

W. Coxall

Apple Barrels!

The season is now on for these. We have in stock at all times and sell at lowest prices.

Will deliver large lots in the country within reasonable distance of our works.

We want your Wheat and you want our Flour
Prices for Flour still continue low.

Bran, Shorts and Ground Feed always in stock.

Use Windsor Salt made by the vacuum process—the purest strongest, whitest and finest made.

The Rathbun Co'y

DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE.

Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time. No. 9. Taking effect October 8th, 1893

Fixed and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Deseronto.

Stations.	Miles	No.2	No.4	No.6	Stations.	Miles	No.1	No.3	No.5
Lve Tweed	0	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Lve Deseronto	0	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Stoco	3	7 00	3 00		Deseronto Junction	4	7 20		
Larkins	7	7 00	3 10		Napanee	9	7 35		
Murdoch	13	7 30	3 25		Napanee Mills	15	8 05	12 15	4 35
Tamworth	17	7 50	3 35		Newburgh	17	8 15	12 23	4 42
Wilson	21	8 00	3 40		Thompson's Mills	18	8 25	12 30	4 50
Enterprise	25	8 18	3 50	4 30	Camden East	19	8 35	12 35	4 50
Mudlake Bridge	28				Yarker	23	8 38	12 45	5 00
Moscow	31	8 30	3 55	4 43	Yarker	23	9 00	12 45	5 05
Gairbraith	33				Gairbraith	25			
Yarker	35	8 45	4 00	4 55	Moscow	27	9 15	1 00	5 22
Yarker	35	9 00	4 30	5 10	Mudlake Bridge	30			
Camden East	39	9 15	4 45	5 25	Enterprise	32	9 30	1 15	5 35
Thompson's Mills	40	9 18			Wilson	34			
Newburgh	41	9 23	3 15	5 30	Tamworth	38	9 50	1 35	5 53
Napanee Mills	43	9 33	3 25	5 40	Enterprise	41	10 00		6 05
Napanee	49	9 50	3 45	5 55	Marlbank	45	10 15		6 38
Napanee	49				Larkins	51	10 30		6 55
Deseronto Junction	54				Stoco	55	10 50		7 05
Deseronto	58				Tweed	58	11 00		7 05

Kingston and Sydenham to Napanee and Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.

Stations.	Miles	No.2	No.4	No.6	Stations.	Miles	No.1	No.3	No.5
Lve Kingston	0	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Lve Deseronto	0	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
C. T. R. Junction	2	6 55		3 40	Deseronto Junction	4	7 20		
Glendale	10	7 17		3 40	Napanee	9	7 35		
Murdoch	17	7 27		4 18	Napanee Mills	15	8 05	12 15	4 35
Yarker	19	7 40		4 30	Newburgh	17	8 15	12 23	4 42
Sydenham	23	8 00		4 40	Thompson's Mills	18	8 25	12 30	4 50
Harrowsmith	19	8 20		4 30	Camden East	19	8 35	12 35	4 50
Harrowsmith	33	8 40		4 30					

IT IS
WORTH KNOWING
— THAT A —

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TOURIST CAR

Leaves TORONTO every
WEDNESDAY

AT 7.30 P. M.

For CHICAGO, connecting directly with
Through Cars for Southern California.

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AT 12.20 P. M. (NOON)

for the PACIFIC COAST via North Bay.
Read "What is a Tourist Car," Free
on application to any agent.

E. McLAUGHLIN,
Agent at Napanee.

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Barristers,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Con-
veyancers, Notaries Public, etc.
Office—Grange block,
Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates
H. M. DUBOCHÉ, Q. C. 51y J. H. MADDEN

HERRINGTON & WARNER,
Barristers, etc.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES
Office—Warner Block, East-st, Napanee. 5y

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Office over Merchant's Bank, Bank of Canada.
Dundas Street, Napanee.
A. L. MORDEN, Q. C. G. F. RUTTAN.
County Crown Attorney.
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Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil
Engineer.
Office with T. G. Davis, Insurance Agent,
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Physician, Surgeon, etc.

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Hospital.
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A. S. ASILEY,
DENTIST
16 Years in Napanee.
34 Years Experience.
Rooms, - Albert Block, - Napanee

DENTISTS
C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.
C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.
Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Sur-
geons of Ontario, and graduate of Toron-
to University.

OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK.
Visits made to Tamworth the first Mon-
day in each month, remaining over Tuesday.
Rooms at Wheeler's Hotel.
Yarker, will have Mondays C. D. Wartman will be in
Yarker.
Napanee office open every day.

C. H. FINKLE,
FEDERAL DIRECTOR and EMPALMER, Newburgh,
Ont. Orders left with Ewart and Vanliven,
Yarker, will have prompt attention. Telephone
communication.

J. AS. AYLESWORTH,
General Business Agent.
Conveyancer,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Commissioners, etc., in H. C. J.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The Municipal Elections passed off very
quietly in Napanee. The chief interest
centred around the mayoralty con-
test, and both candidates stumped around
pretty lively to get out the vote. Mayor
Stevens said at the nomination meeting
that "he generally came out at the right
end of the horn at the finish" and the
Express is pleased to say that he has
emerged "right side up with care" from
the present contest, although his opponent,
Mr. Jamieson, made a plucky fight and
polled a large vote. The following is the
vote by Wards:

FOR MAYOR—WEST WARD No. 1.
Stevens 63
Jamieson 83

Majority for Stevens 80
WEST WARD No. 2.
Stevens 71
Jamieson 34

Majority for Stevens 87
CENTRE WARD No. 1.
Jamieson 69
Stevens 62

Majority for Jamieson 7
CENTRE WARD No. 2.
Stevens 64
Jamieson 46

Majority for Stevens 21
EAST WARD,
Jamieson 100
Stevens 48

Majority for Jamieson 52
Total majority for Stevens 29
Total number of votes polled 591.

COUNCILLORS—EAST WARD
Ward 114
Pennell 111
Alexander 104
Wagar 77

SCHOOL TRUSTEES—EAST WARD
Templeton 108
Plumley 62

Majority for Templeton 46
As intimated last week the balance of
the council were returned by acclamation.

BATH.
For Reeve, B. E. Aylsworth; for
Councillors, Thos. Bain, Dr. Northmore,
R. Mott and D. W. Ball.

CAMDEN.
For Reeve, Amey 427, Miller 366,
majority for Amey 61; 1st deputy-
reeve, Isaac Aylsworth by acclamation;
2nd deputy reeve, B. Davis 405, Mac-
pherson 289, majority for Davis 116;
Councillors, Baker 460, Empey 384
Miller, the defeated candidate, 344.

NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH
Reeve, J. Carscallen; Deputy Reeve,
Ed. Sills (acc.); councillors, Allen
Wagar, Hiram Huffman, W. Chambers
(acc.)

DENBIGH, ABINGER and ASHBY.
Reeve Wm. Lane; Councillors, G.
Stien, E. Marquard, John Gilmour
and Charles Goodwin.

KALADAR, ANGLESEA and EFFINGHAM.
Reeve, R. W. Kimmerly; Council-
lors, Henry Gear, Henry Hasler,
Alexander Forbes, William Hicks.

DESERONTO.
The following are elected: Mayor,
E. W. Rathbun. acclamation: Reeve.

cheese factories in Canada and by good roads the cost of hauling the milk could be so reduced as to add about a half a million dollars to the profit of the cheese trade. Bad roads were a fraud on those who would build good roads. The statute labor system was a farce. It reminded him of two horses—a lazy, and a willing one—one willing to do all the work and the other willing to let it. Under the statute labor system the work was not done intelligently and there was no headwork called into requisition in constructing the roads. Now one essential to good roads, and one that was constantly violated under the statute labor system, was getting the water off it. Unless the water was drained off they would never have a road. Another thing that militated against good roads was the lack of proper machinery. With a road machine a team of horses and a man can make as much road, and make it better, than 150 men, with the old fashioned scrapers and appliances. Every township should have a roller, weighing at least three tons. Good high turnpike gravel roads—well rolled before the gravel is put down, and better rolled after it is put down—would make a durable road and one that answered fully as well as macadam. Another reprehensible custom he noticed was that in most localities the roads were only fixed in the summer, generally along in the month of June, when they were full of holes. Roads should be made in May and maintained throughout the summer months. A hole in a road should be repaired at its inception, instead of letting it run for a year and then having one general repair. It is a well established fact that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Each township should have a road supervisor—a practical man who understands roadmaking—and the business of keeping the roads throughout the township should be entrusted to him. Abolish the statute labor system, pay the road tax into the council, and they would have better roads, more work done and better satisfaction all around. In reply to a question Mr. Judd said the road machine he spoke of was on four wheels, and like an enormous ploughshare. It was made of steel and reversible. It would turnpike a road, with a gradual slope down to the ditch, and do it in an incredible short space of time.

Mr. W. T. Gibbard read a paper on Poultry that was very interesting. He said that he had gone in for thoroughbred Poultry within the last year. He had attended the Poultry exhibition in New Hamburg and caught the "chicken pox" very bad. He was pleased to see, that in poultry, Canada was sweeping the markets and leaving her old rival, the United States, in the back ground. Canadians had carried off the prizes in the recent exhibitions in the United States. He said that the paper he was about to read was prepared rather hastily and was not written for poultry breeders. We regret that lack of space precludes us from giving Mr. Gibbard's able paper in full. He said that the hen was the most neglected creature on the farm. The farmer went the whole hog on the pig; he pulled the wool over the sheep's eyes, but the hen is immortal—for her son never sets. He read statistics comparing the revenue derived from butter, sheep, cereals, etc., and that from the hen, showing clearly that she plays an important part and was a source of great profit to the farmer. If the former was only aware of the immense possibilities of the hen, she would not be shovelled to the coldest place in the barn, as she generally is. Mr. Gibbard's paper dealt with the different breeds of hens, and he strongly emphasized the necessity of keeping them clear of lice.

Mr. J. S. Hunt, of Guelph, gave an instructive address on the proper management of an orchard. The first essential was suitable soil, strong, thrifty trees, and they should be planted in straight rows, as it facilitates cultivation. He was not in favor of ploughing an orchard as there was danger of injuring the small roots. A spring tooth cultivator was the best thing for an orchard. A hoe crop was a good thing for the trees till they started bearing, but after that it should be discontinued. A grain crop or sod in an orchard should

DUTCH CHEESE-MAKING.

THE GOUDA IS A FAVORITE CHEESE EVERYWHERE.

The Bergue and Leyden are Practically the Same as the Gouda—A Cheap But Nutritious Variety—Made Entirely of Skim Milk.

A cheese known as the Gouda, from the name of a Dutch town—called, is one of the type of firm cheeses similar in many respects to the Edam, but richer in fat and of a more delicate flavor than the Edam previously described. It is a flat oval, and weighs from 12 to 50 lbs. It is the type of several varieties so closely similar in form and character as to be all included under this name generally, but specifically they go in different localities under the names of Leyden and Bergues, and all are to some extent merely Dutch cheeses.

The Gouda is a favorite cheese everywhere, and a large quantity of it is imported for the use of the European immigrants in all parts of North America. But it is rapidly finding favor among those to the manor born, and the trade in it is constantly extending, so that its manufacture is fast becoming an established industry in localities in the United States, where the suitable conditions for it are available. These are a blue or June grass pasture; a moist climate; pure water; cows that yield milk of a fairly good quality, such as the Ayrshire, the Shorthorn, or the Holstein, or

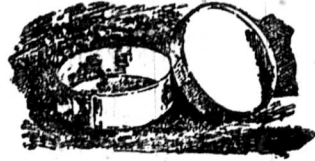


Fig. 1.—Mould used at the N. Y. Experiment Station for Gouda cheese.

high grade natives, crosses of these breeds. Of course, as must be apparent to all experienced in any kind of dairy work, the skill, or at least some natural ability to follow closely described methods and adapt circumstances to the requisite processes, are indispensable. One cannot expect to tumble head first into this business of fancy cheese making, and the man or the woman must come first of all in the necessities of the case.

The process for the making of the Gouda is in the main exactly like that for the Edam, except that the curd is made for the former from milk partly skimmed, by taking one milking fresh and a previous one skimmed, and forming the curd as for the Edam, cutting it in the same way but, afterwards kneading it thoroughly with the hands, and then treading it by the feet, so as to get a soft homogenous paste, and to completely separate the whey, or at least have what of it cannot be expelled most

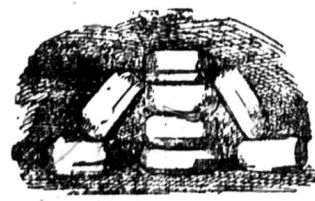


Fig. 2.—Gouda cheese made by the N. Y. Experiment Station.

intimately mixed with the curd. The modern curd mill, of course will obviate the rather objectionable foot work of the Dutch cheese maker. During this mixing and working of the curd, some

the bottom of the mold pierced with holes for this purpose. Each day the cheese is rubbed with salt and turned in the mold, thus gradually acquiring its flat, oval shape (Fig. 6).

By this time the cheese has become firm and is able to retain its shape, after which it is removed to the curing cellar, a close place without exposure to the air, in which it is washed and turned twice a week. This continued moisture, without any drying by currents of air, results in a slow change in the curd by which a peculiar consistence and flavor are acquired, and a very pleasant and acceptable cheese is produced, although skimmed milk only is used in its manufacture.

This is a cheap cheese, but by the special process of curing it has a good flavor and buttery consistence, quite equal to an interior cheese made from whole milk, or even a common quality of cheese thus made. It sells for 10 cents a pound, requiring for a cheese of ten pounds about forty quarts of milk.

This cheese is particularly suited to the creamery on account of the economy effected by a profitable use of the skimmed milk. In Holland it is made only in the best butter making districts, and thus utilizes what would not only be a waste, but a source of inconvenience to the dairyman. Doubtless there is a wide field for the manufacture of such cheese here, for its quality, size, and price, all combine to render it a desirable addition to the bill of fare of persons who are forced to practice economy, and may find in this kind of cheese a welcome addition to the modestly furnished table, quite within their narrow means and equally nutritious, if less costly than the more expensive kinds.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY

STELLA.

The funeral of the late Warden, R. Patterson, took place from his residence on the south shore of the island, on Thursday, 3rd inst. It was very largely attended, there being seventy four vehicles in line. The body was taken into the Presbyterian church, where the Rev. Mr. Cumberland delivered a very touching and fitting address. The remains were laid in the vault.

Mr. J. S. Neilson, our genial Postmaster and general merchant, who has been suffering from a severe attack of sciatica for the past few months, having decided to retire from the business for a time, has engaged the services of Mr. R. A. Caughey to manage the business for him during the winter. Mr. Sylvester McDonald will be his assistant.

Miss M. E. Neilson and Alex. Glenn represented Stella at the Bachelors Ball, in Bath, on New Year's night.

No ice yet, which makes the crossing quite disagreeable.

Prof. Reilly, of Kingston, intends conducting a dancing school in Stella, during the winter.

The shadow social held at Mrs. Scott's, on Tuesday eve, in aid of the Kingston Hospital, was a success.

WILTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Owens have the sincere sympathy of all in the loss of their only child, Isabella Grace, an infant of eight months, on Friday morning. The funeral services were conducted at the house Saturday afternoon by Rev. D. Flemming.

Harold Storms who has been quite ill, is better.

Lottie Storms is still very ill.

mentioned. Next issue, I will state the date if known.

Now as all this is over, and nomination and election to everything went off very slick, with the exception of there being no seconder to Mr. Samuel J. Miller, who was nominated for Deputy-reeve for North Fredericksburgh. This let Mr. Sills in by acclamation. Some thinks there was something wrong with the clerk, who is a man who does business for the public as every clerk does.

Now as some of the people have told their experience of the matter, I will tell you mine. I think myself that this is like the last election of Lennox. For the Ernestown section their was Symington as reformer, Meacham as conservate, then the patron. Meachams vote was 246, Symington, 144, Brisco 147. When word was received in Nananee stating the number of votes for the three men, the first shout from the crowd was, Where are the Conservative patrons? I think if Mr. Samuel Miller had a seconder, it would have been, Where is Deputy reeve Sills? As for the old councillors, I take great pleasure in saying that it is said they did the business fair and square, and as cheaply as possible.

Now gentlemen, and all the readers of this valuable paper, the Nananee EXPRESS, I wish you success through life. I thank you Mr. Editor kindly for this space in your paper and remain an honest young reformer from the sod.

NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung Troubles Price 45 and 50c.

DENBIGH.

Rev. Mr. Knight who has been appointed to assist the Rev. Geo. Hick of Vennachar in his arduous labours in this mission, arrived here with la Saturday stage, and conducted t services in the Methodist church (this village yesterday (Sunday) after noon. He preached a very earnest appropriate sermon from the text, "Am I my brothers keeper?" Owing to the rather stormy weather the congregation was not as numerous as usual.

The trustees of our village school seem to have been fortunate in securing for this year the services of Mr. W. File, of Nananee, who has entered upon his duties and made a very favourable impression upon his pupils as well as upon all others who had the pleasure of meeting him.

Miss Grace Cassida of Northbrook, who has been reingaged by the trustees of S. S. No. 6, (Thompson Settlement) returned to Denbigh with Saturday's stage, and opened school on Monday.

Mr. Geo. Barclay is staying at the Denbigh House, visiting and assisting his brother, Mr. W. G. Barclay, our popular Photographer, who is as usual doing a rushing business.

Mr. Julius Kittner of Arnprior, has been favouring his brother, August Kittner, and other friends here with a short visit.

Miss Annie Petzold is visiting friends in Raglan, County of Renfrew, where she intends to spend a couple of weeks.

Visitors at the Chaston House, Mr. N. Cassida and Miss G. Cassida, of Northbrook. At the Lutheran Parsonage, Mr. Albert Liedke and Miss Bertha Liedke, of Raglan.

Catarrh relieved in 10 to 60 minutes.

off an orchard. Wood ashes was the best manure for a tree as it contained all the elements taken from the soil by the tree. Don't bank up manure around the trunk of a tree. Spread it out as far as the branches extend. March or April was the best time for pruning. A tree should be pruned every year. Paris Green was a good thing for killing insects on a tree, and a force pump was the proper thing to apply it with. For doing away with scab on fruit, blue vitriol, applied before the buds come out, was the very best thing that could be used. It could not, however, be very safely applied after the buds come out. For fungus diseases, for applying after the buds came out, 4 lbs. of copper of sulphate, 4 lbs. of lime, and 40 gallons of water, was highly recommended. Two ounces of paris green added to this solution would kill all the insects. If this solution was properly sprayed on and followed up for a few years it would free the fruit of scab and the tree of insects. Above all things he cautioned them to never allow the tree to overbear. Judicious thinning out of the blossoms pays. Although he knew that it went against the grain to thin out the fruit, he had proved from experience that it was the most profitable course to pursue. Overbearing not only injures the fruit but injures the vitality of the tree. Seeds exhausted the tree more than the fruit. Spraying was better for getting rid of moths than traps.

Mr. J. W. Strenhoff, of Sebringville, gave an interesting and profitable lecture on selecting, breeding and feeding cows. He said that selecting a cow was a question of vital importance. A high price for goods did not mean much, unless you could raise them at a lower price than you secured it for. He was not an advocate of any particular breed. There was often 100 per cent. difference in the value of cows in the same herd. You should always buy a cow when it is giving milk. Breed was no guarantee of a paying animal. They had to deal with the individual cow. A good external point to go by, in selecting a dairy cow, was its femininity. The more feminine and sensitive cow, was generally the best dairy cow. In feeding a young animal for the dairy, you want to keep it growing and moving along nicely, but don't let it run to fat, as you can ruin it for dairy purposes that way. A cow should be bred when she is about two years old; but then don't go and breed her to a bull that hasn't a dairying quality about it. The cheese and dairying department of the farm was the best paying part; while prices went down in all other lines the price of cheese went up. Mr. Steinhoff, here gave an illustration from his own cheese factory of the different results attained by different men. One man made \$50 per cow, while his neighbor made \$19 out of his. The difference was owing to the feed and care taken of the cow, and the kind of cow kept. You often find that the cow that gives the most milk, gives also the best milk. There was no animal that responded to kindness like the cow. No man that did not use his cows kindly should engage in dairying. He believed that the cheese market would remain about the same as it is. While the amount of cheese manufactured was increasing, Great Britain went on continually consuming more cheese. The Babcock tester was a great machine, and a small one should be in every farm house in the country. Some say that we should pay according to the quality, not by weight, in the cheese factories. They had tried it in their cheese factory, and while he believed it to be the best system, it had not given satisfaction and at the end of two years they had to abandon it. But in butter making it was the only just and proper system. He had received milk at his butter factory varying in fat from 3 1/2 up to 5 1/2. The milk tested 3 1/2 would make 3 lbs. of butter per 100 lbs. of milk, while the milk tested 5 1/2 would make 6 lbs. of butter per 100 lbs. of milk. It was the only honest system. The farmers would derive a great benefit by getting a Babcock machine and making private tests. He had seen skim milk that showed 2 per cent. of butter fat. The result attained with a Babcock machine would be a revelation to them. The large price that we secured for our cheese was largely due to the high standard of it and the honest name we had secured.

The meeting in the evening was so poorly attended that the addresses were abandoned, and an adjournment, in which all were at liberty to participate, held, that no doubt proved of great benefit to those present.

The Institute held meetings on the 9th and 10th inst., at Stella.

Wood's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

aromatic seeds, crushed with gray salt, a mixture of common salt and charcoal finely powdered, are added.

The cheese is then molded by the hand, wrapped in fine muslin, and put in the press and squeezed into the right shape in the molds which are made in two halves. This removes all the whey that need be, leaving only sufficient to confer on it during the curing of the cheese, the desired flavor produced by the fermentation of the curd, by which the sugar in the whey is decomposed and made to re-act on the curd. The cheeses are then placed in the same kind of receptacles as are used in curing the Edam cheese, and in fact are submitted to precisely the same kind of treatment for the curing.

The Leyden cheese is somewhat less flat than the Gouda, and is only three-fourths the size and weight. They are all marked with the imprint of the arms of the town, which consist of two keys crossed, the official insignia of the archbishop of the city at the time of its es-



Fig. 3.—Vat for Bergues cheese.

tablishment around the noted cathedral. This imprint has now lost its ancient significance and now represents only the sign of a genuine cheese. Thus in the whirligig of time do things change and pass from a high to a low degree or otherwise. But the American maker of Leyden cheese uses the same imprint, doubtless in total ignorance of its origin, but only for the purpose of deluding the purchasers of his goods into the harmless belief that his cheeses have crossed the briny deep and are of genuine Dutch origin. This is a matter, in this connection for the exhibition of some such patriotic regard for home-made goods and for the preservation of native industries, as is exhibited by the English people, who enforce by legislation the marking as foreign all imported farm products and even bring Canada under the same ban as a foreign competitor. But it is already the case in regard to Canadian dairy goods that they are winning golden opinions from the English consumers,



Fig. 1. Mould for a Bergues cheese.

and the dairymen of the United States may well follow in that straight and narrow path of strict honesty and good business shrewdness trodden by their neighbors; for to make the best, and to maintain strictly the same high quality without varying, is one of the fundamental rules for success in any business.

The Bergues cheese is one of similar kind, but made of wholly skimmed milk and pressed flatter than the Leyden in special molds, while they are soft as taken from the press. The milk is curdled at the unusually low temperature of 67 to 75 degrees, but hasty coagulation is procured by the use of sufficient rennet to make the curd in half an hour, at this low temperature. The curd is cut in the ordinary manner, and placed in the vats (Fig. 3) without any delay and pressed by the hands. The vat is of wood as shown, hooped and having holes around it, for the drainage of the whey, and is a mere hoop about 14 inches in diameter and 7 in depth. They are placed on a draining table sloping a little to permit the whey to run off, and the curd, wrapped in thin muslin, is pressed down in them, and so remains until it is firm enough to be lifted out without breaking. Before removing the cheese, however, the maker puts it under some little pressure to squeeze out the moisture, for eight hours, after which the cloth is removed and the



Fig. 6. A Bergues Cheese.

cheese is placed in a bowl-like mold having a flat spherical bottom. The cheese rests in this mold (Fig. 4) for five or eight days during which time the whey, still remaining, slowly drains off through

As Alva Snider was driving to the village last Wednesday night the tongue came down. The horses became unmanageable and ran until they came to the store, where they turned under the shed, running into James Cummins' cutter and breaking it. Fortunately they were then stopped before any further damage was done. A number of our young people spent an enjoyable evening at Miles Parrott's, Violet, last week.

Our many school teachers have begun work for 1895; Miss Mills taking charge of Thorpe school, Miss Emerson of Spafford, Miss Bertha Neilson of Florida, Mordy Storms of Killers and William Mills of the village school, while Miss Stella Neilson and R. N. Lapum have resumed their schools, the former at No. 17 Violet, and the latter at Fairfields.

Damon Warner, Napaneer, was in Wilton, Monday, to vote on the municipal elections.

Rev. Coombe has commenced a series of revival services at Florida.

BATH.

Judging from indications we would come to the conclusion that Municipal feelings ran pretty high in Bath. At one o'clock on Monday morning men were tacking up notices on door posts, not long after day light contrary notices were appended. Now what could a fellow do but split the difference and do as he liked.

The ice connecting Amherst Island to Bath, has taken permanently. The mail man crosses with an ice boat, some times on ice and some times on water. Few men would perform the task as well as Mr. John Baker, the present incumbent.

The A. O. U. W. Society intend giving the people of this vicinity a great treat, having secured the services of Sara Lord Bailey, the renowned elocutionist for the evening of the 26th, inst. in the Town Hall. Come one and all.

Mr. Topliff has purchased the corner store formerly owned by Mr. B. E. Aylsworth, and occupied by E. Hazard, the latter having moved to H. Lewis' building opposite E. McKenty's store, Main St., where he hopes to meet his old customers and many new ones in the watch fixing and Jewellery line.

D. W. Ball has moved in his new house on Church St.

The revival services in the Methodist church are steadily increasing in interest.

The political excitement has nearly subsided and a normal condition will soon have taken possession of the people.

Mrs. R. Calver's valuable horse has ceased to work and live.

Sick Headache and Constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take sure in effect.

HAY BAY.

Well, Mr. Editor, I will commence this issue with something that will encourage almost every young lady that reads it, and that is the marriage of T. W. Spencer and Charlotte McWain, on Jan. 3rd. We wish them success.

Mr. G. Brown had the misfortune on Monday last, to have a sick horse. It continued on for the worse, and the same evening it had to be shot. This is two a has lost this fall in this way. Valued at \$150 each.

Mrs. G. C. Butcher, of Dresden, is on a visit with friends here. Mr. Andrew Post, of Deseronto, was in our midst during the past week.

Mr. Newton Sills, of this place, has purchased the farm of the late Adam Parks.

On Wednesday evening last a congregational meeting was held at Sand Hill church, all of the congregation should have been present.

I hear there is some talk of a tea meeting soon in the place above

one short part of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, disposes of the matter over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Bronchitis and Deafness. Price, 25c. At W. S. Dettlers.

NEWBURGH.

Messrs Moore and Shorey have a skating rink in running order opposite the station. Success to you boys.

Through the kindness of Mr. L. E. Percy and Mr. E. J. Madden, about sixteen of our young ladies enjoyed a happy New Year's drive.

The Independent Order of Forsters intend holding a grand entertainment on the evening of the 23rd. of January. The main attraction will be Sara Lord Bailey, Queen of elocutionists.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. J. Drewely, on account of the death of their daughter, Mrs. Kerr, of Madoc.

Mr. Frank Brisco left Tuesday for Belleville and other points west.

Miss Bertha McCulloch returned Monday to resume her studies at Victoria College, Toronto.

Miss Clara Davidson, of Garden Island, spent her Christmas holidays with Miss Brisco, of this place.

Mr. Geo. Deroche has returned to Osgoode Hall, Toronto, to finish his law course.

Messrs Gandier, Baker, Grange and Paul have returned to their studies at Queen's, Kingston.

The Children's Enemy—Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip diseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of diseases Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

HIS CHRISTMAS EVE.

To the editor of The Express.

Thinking that I might make some fun for your readers by telling them what I had for my Xmas presents I send you the following account of what my boy and girls gave me on Xmas eve. Reviewing it all it looks to me as if they thought I was going to start housekeeping all over again. On Xmas eve I heard the waggon come in the yard and then one of the children came rushing in exclaiming 'Oh mother, we might as well bring our presents in as we can't keep them till morning.' I said you must have bought the whole town, when you took the waggon after it. We had a pleasant time and were all so jolly together. The first thing they gave me was a little table. Of course the old one in the parlor has been taken out since and the new one put in its place. My eldest girl gave me twelve sauce dishes, to complete a tea set they presented me with last 24th of May. I have been married 24 years. She also gave me a cigar case and my other daughter had it filled with cigars. The other members of the family were not neglected for the girls presented their brother with a nice silk handkerchief and a checkerboard. Then my boy said he was not going to let the girls outdo him so he went out and brought in a lambs wool doormat, a large tea tray, a nice large colored table cloth and an all wool shirt for his father. But he was not done yet. After a time we all went to bed but my boy, he having to remain, as it was his turn to look after the greenhouse. In the morning we heard a horrible noise down stairs, and what should have occasioned it but Tom turning a grindstone, fixed on two trestles, which he presented to his father. Do you think these were good presents or not.—GEO. LLOYD.

Beyond Comparison are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Above all it purifies the blood, thus strengthening the nerves; it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh and Rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Liniment is the Hair Restorer

-GREAT-

Sacrifice Sale!

During this Month

AS WE ARE

TAKING - STOCK

F. SHAW & CO.

209 Dundas st., Henry Block, Hooper & Daxsee's old stand.

Cost Price on Dress Goods,

Cost Price on Henriettas and Serges,

All Hosiery and Gloves Reduced.

Great Sale on our Corsets,

Our Flannels, Blankets and Tie Downs,

See our large Stock of Prints,

Shirtings, Cottonades and Canton Flannels,

A CALL SOLICITED.

THE SHAW CO'Y.

209 Dundas street, Henry Block.

The Dominion Bank

ESTABLISHED 1871.

CAPITAL — \$1,500,000.00
RESERVE FUND — \$1,450,000.00
Deposits received and interest allowed.
Drafts on all parts of Great Britain and
United States bought and sold.

E. H. BAINES, Agent.

GRAND TRUNK

RAILWAY

Winter CARNIVAL, Ottawa

21st to 26th January.

NAPANEE TO OTTAWA
AND RETURN. **\$4.20.**

Tickets good to go Jan. 19th to 25th and
return Jan. 28th.
For tickets and all information apply to

J. L. BOYES.
Agent, Napanee.

O Are you going to

BUSINESS COLLEGE ?

Send for the new 170
page catalogue of the
famous

Ontario Business College

BELLEVILLE.

TO

26TH
YEAR ROBINSON & JOHNSON

RAILWAY TICKETS

C. P. R.

B. S. O'LAUGHLIN,

AGENT, YARKER.

Agent for Napanee Express.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
MILLER'S EMULSION
OF PURE
NORWEGIAN



LIVER OIL
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA
Palatable as cream. No oily
taste like others. In big bottles,
50c. and \$1.00.

The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1895.

The catastrophe which overtook the
Toronto Globe on Sunday last, while
it may incommode it for a time, has in
no way impaired its vitality, as the
day after the fire it came out as bright
and newsy as ever. The buoyant tone
impregnating Monday's issue is a good
augury for the future, and we predict
that The Globe will go right on in-
creasing in interest and usefulness.
The Globe, under its present manage-
ment, has come to be recognized as
one of the foremost journals in America
and the men at the helm are not of
the stuff that will sit down calmly and

BEWARE OF PNEUMONIA

A PHYSICIAN TELLS HOW TO WARD
OFF THE DISEASE.

Don't Get Run Down or Fatigued—
And if a Sudden Chill Comes on Take
Some Quinine, a Hot Foot Bath and
Keep Warm in Bed.

Although more or less prevalent
throughout the year, pneumonia is pe-
culiarly dangerous during the opening
months of winter. With the first frosts
a very marked increase takes place in
the number of cases, and during this
cold, damp weather extra precautions
should be taken.

Pneumonia is probably produced by
an earth germ, and when frost prevails
the soil beneath the house is the only
ground which is not frozen. The germs
gradually work towards the warm,
moist earth and the house really acts as
a sort of flue, which forms a ready mode
of egress for them. The proper ventila-
tion of rooms is therefore an important
factor in guarding against pneumonia,
one, however, which is too often over-
looked.

Lack of personal hygiene is the chief
predisposing cause of the disease. Ir-
regular hours, insufficient nourishment,
dyspepsia, excessive fatigue or some
disease which has lowered the general
tone of the system, all weaken the power
of resisting the pneumonic germ. When
the system is run down, a sudden ex-
posure to cold may prove fatal, while in
a normal condition of body it would be
thrown off. An instance which recently
came under my observation will serve
to illustrate the importance of regularity
in meals as a safeguard against disease.

Two young ladies of my acquaintance
were traveling in a railway car, next to
a man just recovered from smallpox, as

UP-TO-DATE MINING METHODS.

They Have Opened a New Gold Era For
the Pacific Coast.

The golden lining to the silver clouds
that hung over this country a year ago
is just becoming apparent. When this
Government ceased its purchases of sil-
ver, and the mints of India were closed
to the white metal, the financial
look was dark, indeed. But out of
good often comes, and whatever
effect these measures may have
they have resulted beneficially in
lag a greatly increased activity in gold
mining. Never before in the history of
this State have the prospects been so
flattering. The spectacular effect that
accompanied earlier mining excitements
is wanting, but there is in its place
an element of greater stability and per-
manence. The romantic era, when the
population, red-shirted and roughly
clad, wandered among the gulches and
foothills of the Sierras, with pick and
pan, searching for the precious particles
among the gravel of the river beds, has
passed into history. The more intense-
ly dramatic era, when the fever of
speculation coursed through the veins,
when every fluctuation in the prices of
stocks was watched with eager interest
by millionaire and pauper, by the clerk
in the counting house and the serving
maid in the kitchen or nursery, when
fortunes were made and lost in a day,
and when everybody was rich whether
his wealth was evidenced by a comfort-
able bank account or by a scrap of
worthless paper—this second and more
unwholesome era has also passed, to re-
turn no more.

The mining of to-day, while it lacks
the element of wild excitement, is on a
more solid basis and has a far more
substantial prosperity. Mining methods
are more scientific than they were,
wasteful and extravagant processes
have been laid aside, new and improved
machinery has been brought into use,
and private companies, operating quietly
and soberly, are reaping a harvest un-
dreamed of even in the days when the
delirium of speculation was among us.
The placer mines have been diligently
worked over. There are still golden
grains and nuggets in the river beds,
but not in sufficient quantities gener-
ally to pay corporations for working
them, although individual miners can
still make "grub."

But the placer mines at best held only
the overflow of the richer original depos-
its. The wealth in the hillside poured
over and the surplus was carried with
the rain into the rivers. From north to
south, throughout the whole strength of
the Sierra range, are ledges laden with
their golden treasure as yet untouched.
Quartz mining is still in its infancy de-
spite the vast stores of wealth that have
already been wrested from the earth;
drift mining will yet add untold millions
to the wealth of this State. The output
of gold this year will far exceed any-
thing of recent years.

Not in this state alone, but through-
out the world, this renewed activity is
seen. Colorado, prostrated last year by
the repeal of the Sherman law, stands
to-day as one of the wealth-producing
states of the world. This year
California will be closely pushed
for first place among the
gold bearing States of the Union.
Two years ago the gold product of Col-
orado was less than \$5,000,000—\$1,743,-
000—while California produced more
than twice that amount. The next year
Colorado increased its output sixty five
per cent. while the increase in Califor-
nia was only eight per cent. This year
the difference between the two will be
still further decreased. In Montana
twice as many properties are being
worked this year as last; in Australia
there is unusual activity and the output
of South Africa, which a few years ago
contributed practically nothing to the
world's supply is estimated for this year
at \$48,000,000.

When California, Australia and Rus-
sia first began, in the early fifties, their
immense output of gold, prices were
seriously affected. Prior to 1850 the an-
nual product had never exceeded \$38,-
000,000, or slightly more than will be
produced in the two States of California
and Colorado this year. During the
next five years the annual average was
\$137,000,000, the highest point reach-
ing in 1853, when the output was
\$155,000,000. After that date there was
a decline in production. In 1873, twenty
years later, the output was \$91,200,000;
in 1883 it was \$91,000,000. Last year,

H. G. MILLING, Prop.

This fine and commodious house is being put in thorough repair, and will soon be more comfortable than ever.

The comfort of all guests is the first consideration at this house.

COMMODIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS,

lit by gas, on the ground floor, and every convenience for the mercantile traveller. Telephone and telegraph communication. Good table daily, and the best of Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars.

Farmers will find nestboxes, stabling for their accommodation, and at cheap rates. Their patronage solicited.

THE - MERCHANTS - BANK OF CANADA

Head Office,

Capital paid up, \$6,000,000.

Surplus, \$3,000,000

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

T. E. MERRETT,

Manager, Napanee Branch

COAL

Much heat at little cost when you burn our Coal.

If you have not been a customer in the past a trial will convince you that you ought to have been.

All coal under cover and thoroughly screened before delivery.

Prices as low as good Coal can be sold, at

The Rathbun Co. Robert Light

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Rough and Dressed Lumber
Screen Doors,

Mouldings,

Bee Hives,

Stairs; Blinds,

Turned Work,

Wood Drap.

Sash,

and Interior Finish for
Buildings.

NAPANEE,

ONT

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

scription lists and book accounts of the paper were saved from the conflagration so that no inconvenience will be occasioned its subscribers. We may also state that the fire will in no way conflict with our clubbing offer, as we will continue to give The Globe and Express for one dollar per annum.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

Wm Lutton in the "Passing Show" in the Earth says:—Tragic beyond expression was the death of Sir John Thompson. In the moment of the highest triumph he could hope to achieve, admitted to the secret councils of the greatest sovereign on earth, sworn in as a member of that body whose functions reach out to the ends of the earth, death came to him. He was not a great man at all, but he had talents, and he used them for his own advancement and the success of his party. His mind was not of an original cast, he was not magnetic; there was no word or thought in the soul of the man which could move or lift men to higher ideals, taking them out of themselves and making their blood flow like lava. This marks the man divinely possessed, and Sir John Thompson was a politician, not a lofty statesman. He was essentially a trimmer, and his ambition was to keep his party together and in office. This was the policy of that able leader who did not leave Sir John his mantle of finesse and cunning, and he pursued it faithfully. In a word, Sir John Thompson was not a great inspirational voice to the country, which so much needs the moral sense and lofty motives in its politics, but rather while personally pure, a tolerater of a system of bribery of the people which has already produced the worst effects.

The only public man in Canada today with a lofty idea of statesmanship is Mr. Laurier, and this is said without any reference whatever to the color of his politics. The man has ideals. His voice rings clear and true. He moves men because disdaining the clap trap of the hustings, he speaks the high thought of his inmost heart. The eye of his mind comprehends the larger horizon; he rises above parochialism; his words almost classic in their beauty, adorn, but do not over-dress, his thought.

Sir John Thompson was the best man in a group of mediocrities, but the voice that ascribes statesmanship to him, in the lofty meaning of that word will be the voice of flattery. With the exception, possibly, of two men, the colleagues he has left behind are narrow, dull creatures, fitted indeed, to struggle for place and power, to intrigue for gain, to work for the "party," but as destitute of statecraft as Oliver Cromwell was destitute of court manners.

I want all kinds of grain delivered at Napanee or bay points, for which I will pay the highest market price. I will also pay the highest price for Timothy Seed delivered at our storehouse Napanee.

at

F. E. VANLUVEN.

All the authorized school books kept in stock at the EXPRESS BOOK-STORE. Also the best scribblers.

Signs of worm are variable appetite, turning at the nose, etc. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best worm expeller.

to get a "Sunlight" Picture.

"Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrap the words "Why Does a Woman Live Longer Than a Man," to Lever Soap Co., Scott St., Toronto, and receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost 1c postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

the other had risen late and had not. The one who had not eaten caught the disease and the other escaped. The ladies were twins and almost exactly similar in physique and temperament, and, in my opinion, the temporary weakening of the system, caused by the omission of the morning meal, accounted for the disease being able to obtain a foothold.

There are three periods during which the susceptibility to pneumonia is greatest. They are early childhood, that is up to seven years of age, between the ages of twenty and forty and after sixty. The power of resistance against pneumonia grows much feebler after sixty years of age, and nine-tenths of the cases prove fatal.

In New York we have a good deal of northeast wind during November and December and the cold, damp weather it generally brings is very favorable to the contraction of "colds" and the subsequent development of pneumonia. The grip left its victims very predisposed to pneumonia and it still exists to some extent in a modified form. This is the disease with which pneumonia most readily combines, but it is found in combination with diphtheria, typhoid fever, measles, scarlet fever and many others.

When a severe or sudden chill has been contracted the main thing is to act quickly, and many a serious illness can be averted and valuable life saved by a little intelligence coupled with promptitude. If possible, send for a doctor immediately, and meanwhile take ten grains of quinine and five drops of spirits of camphor in a little water or on a lump of sugar. These doses are for an adult. Then soak the feet in hot water and jump into bed. Simple as these remedies are, they have nipped in the bud many prospective cases of pneumonia.

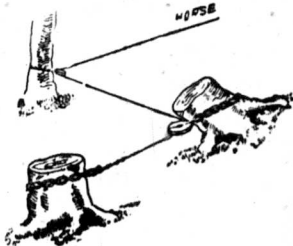
While soaking the feet, the body should be warmly wrapped in a blanket which should be kept on until some time after the person has entered the bed, in order that free perspiration be continued and not checked.

A good thing to prevent "colds" is to wear wool next the skin. When this is not possible on account of the irritation sometimes caused, a mixture of wool and silk will generally be found satisfactory. I would not recommend cotton in any form for underwear, as it is frequently the cause of a dangerous cold by becoming wet and keeping the temperature of the skin below the normal. Care should be taken that the feet do not get wet, or, if so that prompt measures are taken to dry them and a change of hose made.

The care taken of the outside of the body must be supplemented by the same care of the inside. A moderate diet, wholesome food, plenty of rest, regular hours, will keep the whole system in good order and enable it to throw off the germs of disease, which can only obtain a footing when debilitation affords an entrance for the disease and a fruitful soil for its development.—Cyrus Edson, Commissioner of Health for New York.

Clearing a Field of Stumps.

After the harvesting comes a period of cleaning up and reclaiming waste lands. For removing stumps the cut shows a simple method. Two stumps or trees act as levers by means of a rope



to which a horse is hitched. Having dug around the roots, start the horse and with an ax at hand, cut the roots or dig the dirt from between until the stump is finally drawn out.

Whooping Cough—For Whooping Cough and all throat affections, chest troubles etc. Haygard's Yellow Oil is the best emulsion ever discovered. It promptly relieves inflammation, pain and soreness from whatever cause arising.

The most careful estimates place this year's production at \$170,000,000. For the four years since 1899 the annual average exceeds that of 1850-55 by \$12,000,000.

What is to be the effect of these immense additions to the world's supply of gold? The increased production of 1850-1899 resulted in a decline in the purchasing power of gold, or, expressed differently, prices generally rose. The same result should be seen at this time were it not for certain other factors that are at work. The increased supply is in response to an increased demand, and that demand will absorb the surplus as it is produced. Again, the world's stock of gold is far greater now than it was forty years ago, and additions that would materially affect the mass then would not be felt now. It is therefore probable that, unless continued for a number of years, the increased production will not affect the business of the world. The effect in California will, however, be different. The annual addition of fifteen to twenty millions to the wealth of this State is bound to affect all business beneficially. One year's output would be sufficient to build the proposed railroad through the San Joaquin valley. The cost of a new trans-continental line would scarcely be felt if taken out of several years' output.—Argonaut.

Obstinate Coughs—Obstinate Coughs yield to the grateful soothing action of Norway Pine Syrup. The racking, persistent cough of consumptive is quickly relieved by this unrivalled throat and lung remedy. Price 25c and 50c.

Good Things

to eat are still better when made with

COTTOLINE

For they are FREE from GREASE and are easily digested. For Frying, Shortening, and all cooking purposes COTTOLINE is better and purer than lard.



Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,

Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.



Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, stamps. Address The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold in Napanee by all druggists.

IMMENSE BARGAINS

—IN—

BOOTS and SHOES

20 to 50 per cent. Reduction on NEW GOODS

GREAT - CLEARING - SALE!

of all remnants of last fall's stock.

The fire at Belleville has left us in Napanee with a number of small lots of three or four pairs each which we intend clearing out at ABOUT HALF PRICE before New Stock arrives. **GREAT BARGAINS** in all Departments.

HAINES & LOCKETT.

4 BIG STORES.

No Credit. Only One Price.

NO MORE PICKLES.

Boston School Girls to Be Deprived of Their Favorite Luncheon

Considerable interest is being manifested in regard to the luncheons now provided at recess time for boys and girls in the High schools. At almost every High school in the city the majority of the pupils buy their luncheons from the lunch counter kept by the janitor, and the food so provided consists largely of pies and cakes—"bake-house stuff," as some people call it—and pickles. The janitors keep that kind of food because the pupils will buy it in preference to other more wholesome kinds, and also because there is probably more profit in it. Nevertheless, the parents of the pupils are anxious that some different system may be adopted in the matter of furnishing luncheons. They think it high time that something was done about it, for in schools where there are no lunch counters, peddlers of cheap candy, cocoanut cakes and other unwholesome compounds, make their appearance at recess, and are generally well patronized by the hungry boys and girls.

The first official step toward bettering this state of things was taken recently, when an order was passed by the school board providing that all luncheons sold in the public schools should be such as are approved by the Committee on Hygiene and Physical Training. Moreover, the committee was instructed to report at the next meeting of the board a plan for providing suitable luncheons at proper places for the high school pupils.

Just what the committee intends to do is hard to say, but several persons interested are hoping that it will be able to make some arrangement with the New England Kitchen whereby soups, sandwiches, milk, and other wholesome articles of food may be furnished direct to the pupils at moderate prices. The kitchen has its main station on Pleasant street, and another station at the North End. It is thought that soups might be carried from the kitchen to the school in tanks, just as coffee is sometimes transported, and in that way might be served hot. Such a system of providing luncheons would be more favorable to the health of the pupils, and therefore more acceptable to the parents. As for the old system, the janitors are not thought to merit any blame, for they simply provide what the pupils would buy; but now that the committee

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" 27-19.

A Room of Resources

Here is what is required in the sitting room of a healthy person; a room in which he would have to sleep, or do very little-making manual labor. First, a bookcase with a great many books in it; next, a table that will keep steady when you write or work at it. Then several chairs that you can move and a sofa that you can sit or lie upon. Next, a cupboard with drawers; next, unless the bookcase and cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carvings, you will want pictures or engravings, such as you can afford, only not stop-gaps, but real works of art upon the wall, or else the wall itself must be ornamented with some beautiful or restful pattern; and last, a vase or two for flowers. This is all we shall want, especially if the floor be good, if it be not, as, by the way, in a modern house it is pretty sure not to be, I admit that a small carpet, that can be bundled out of the way in two minutes, will be useful, and we must also take care that it be beautiful. We can add very little to these necessities without troubling ourselves and hindering our work, our thought and our rest.

CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR

Lewis S. Butler, Burnt, Nfld., Rheumatism.
Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lockjaw.
By. McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Gout.
Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation.
James H. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia.
C. I. Laque, Sydney, C. R., La Grippe.

In every case unsolicited and authenticated. They attest to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT.



We are in it

We have the prettiest line of

Fine Slippers and Oxfords

ever shown in Napanee. American and Canadian. All Colors.

McRossie & Co.

South side Dundas st.

HOW TO KILL A HORSE.

Fire a Bullet Into the Head at the Place Shown by the Spot in the Drawing.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has issued a card showing how horses may be killed scientifically. The information is especially for policemen, who are ordinarily called upon to dispose of sick or suffering ani-



mal. A horse belonging to John Morton was one of its legs at the corner of Taylor and Taylor streets early in the morning. It was allowed to remain there suffering for many hours because no one could be found who would shoot it. Morton tried to find a policeman who could or would kill the animal, but his search was in vain. Finally he went to the office of the society mentioned, and Mr. Holbrook himself went to the corner where the horse was lying and shot it. The animal died without a tremor.

To shoot a horse so as to kill it instantly it is only necessary to aim so that the bullet will enter the brain by passing through a spot in the middle of the forehead above the eyes. The card issued by the society bears a drawing of a horse's head, showing the exact spot.

San Francisco Chronicle.
Beware of Hot-Water Bottles. Many are now the blossoms of the hot-

BURDICK BLOOD PURIFIER

THREE RUNNING SORES PHYSICIANS FAILED BUT B.B.B. CURED



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CARSALLEN & BRO

A TERRIBLE SECRET.

CHAPTER I.
BRIDE AND BRIDEHOOM ELEGY.

Firelight falling on soft velvet carpet, where white lily buds trail along azure ground, on chairs of white-polished wood that glitters like ivory, with puffy seats of blue satin; on blue and gilt panelled walls; on a wonderfully carved oaken ceiling; on sweeping draperies of blue satin and white lace; on half a dozen lovely pictures; on an open piano; and last of all, on the handsome, angry face of a girl who stands before it—Inez Catheron.

The month is August—the day the 29th—Miss Catheron has good reason to remember it to the last day of her life. But, whether the August sun blazes, or the January winds howl, the great rooms of Catheron Royals are ever chilly. So on the white-tiled hearth of the blue drawing-room this summer evening a coal fire flickers and falls, and the mistress of Catheron Royals, stands before it, an angry flush burning deep red on either dusk cheek, an angry frown contracting her straight black brows.

The mistress of Catheron Royals,—the biggest, oldest, queerest, grandest place in all sunny Cheshire,—the slim, dark girl of nineteen, for three years past the bride-elect of Sir Victor Catheron, baronet, the last of his Saxon race and name, the lord of all these sunny acres, this noble Norman pile, the smiling village of Catheron below. The master of a stately park in Devon, a moor and "bothy" in the highlands, a villa on the Arno, a gem of a cottage in the Isle of Wight. "A darling of the gods," young, handsome, healthy; and best of all, with twenty thousand a year.

She is his bride-elect. In her dark way she is very handsome. She is to be married to Sir Victor early in the next month, and she is as much in love with him as it is at all possible to be. A fair fate surely. And yet while the August night shuts down, while the wind whistles in the trees, while the long fingers of the elm, just outside the window, tap in a ghostly way on the pane, she stands here, flushed, angry, impatient, and sullen, her handsome lips set in a tight, rigid line.

She is very dark at all times. Her cousin Victor tells her, laughingly, she is an absolute nigger when in one of her silent rages. She has jet-black hair, and big, brilliant, Spanish eyes. She is Spanish. Her dead mother was a Castilian, and that mother has left her her Spanish name, her beautiful, passionate Spanish eyes, her hot, passionate Spanish heart. In Old Castile Inez was born; and when in her tenth year her English father followed his wife to the grave, Inez came home to Catheron Royals, to reign there, a little, imperious hot-tempered Morisco princess ever since.

She did not come alone. A big boy of twelve, with a shock head of blue-black hair, two wild, glittering black eyes, and a diabolically handsome face, came with her. It was her only brother, Juan, on imp incarnate from his cradle. He did not remain long. To the unspeakable relief of the neighborhood for miles around, he had vanished as suddenly as he had come, and for years was seen no more.

A Moorish Princess! It is her cousin and lover's favorite name for her, and it fits well. There is a certain barbaric splendor about her as she stands there in the firelight, in her trailing purple silk, in the cross of rubies and fine gold that burns on her bosom, in the yellow, perfumy rose in her hair, looking stately, and beautiful, and dreadfully out of temper.

The big, lonesome house is as still as a tomb. Outside the world is rising, and the heavy patter, patter, of the rain-beats on the glass. That, and the light fall of the cinders in the polished grate, are the only sounds to be heard.

A clock on the mantel strikes seven. She has not stirred for nearly an hour, but she looks up now, her black eyes full of passionate anger, passionate impatience.

"Seven!" she says, in a suppressed sort of voice; "and he should have been here at six. What if he should defy me?—what if he does not come at all?"

She can remain still no longer. She walks across the room, and she walks as only Spanish women do. She draws back one of the window-curtains, and leans out into the night. The crushed sweetness of the rain-beaten roses floats up to her in the wet darkness. Nothing to be seen but the vague tossing of the trees, nothing to be heard but the sighing of the wind, nothing to be felt but the fast and still faster fall of the rain.

She lets the curtain fall, and returns to the fire.

There are two pictures hanging over the mantel—she looks up at them as she asks the question. One is the sweet, patient face of a woman of thirty; the other, the smiling face of a fair-haired, blue-eyed, good-looking lad. "It is a very pleasant face; the blue eyes look at you so brightly, so frankly, the boyish mouth is so sweetly tempered and laughing that you smile back and fall in love with him at sight. It is Sir Victor and his late mother."

Miss Inez Catheron is in many respects an extraordinary young lady—Cheshire society has long ago decided that. They would have been more convinced of it than ever, could they have seen her turn now to Lady Catheron's portrait and appeal to it aloud in impassioned words:

"On his knees, by your dying bed, by your dying command, he vowed to love and cherish me always—as he did then. Let him take care how he trifles with that vow let him take care!"

She lifts one hand (on which rubies and diamonds flash) menacingly, then stops. Over the sweep of the storm, the rush of the rain, comes another sound—a sound she has been listening for, longing for, praying for—the rapid roll of carriage wheels up the drive. There can be but one visitor to Catheron Royals to-night, at this hour and in this storm—its master.

She stands still as a stone, white as a statue, waiting. She loves him; she has hungered and thirsted for the sound of his voice, the sight of his face, the clasp of his hand, all these weary, lonely months. In some way it is her life or death she is to take from his hands to-night. And now he is here.

She hears the great hall door open and close with a clang, she hears the steps of the master in the hall—a quick, assured tread she would have known among a thousand; she hears a voice—a hearty, pleasant, manly, English voice; a cherry laugh she remembers well.

"The Chief of Lara has returned again."

The quick, excitable blood leaps up from her heart to her face in a rosy rush that makes her lovely. The eyes light, the lips part—she takes a step forward, all anger, all fear, all neglect forgotten—a girl in love going to meet her lover. The door is flung wide by an impetuous hand, and wet and splashed, and tall and smiling, Sir Victor Catheron stands before her.

"My dearest Inez!"

He comes forward, puts his arm around her, and touches his blonde mustache to her flushed cheek.

"My dearest coz, I'm awfully glad to see you again, and looking so uncommonly well too." He puts up his eyeglass to make sure of this fact, then drops it. "Uncommonly well," he repeats; "give you my word I never saw you looking half a quarter so handsome before in my life. Ah! why can't we all be Moorish princesses, and wear purple silks and yellow roses?"

He flings himself into an easy-chair before the fire, throws back his blonde head, and stretches forth his boots to the blaze.

"An hour after time, am I not? But blame the railway people—don't blame me. Beastly sort of weather for the last week of August—cold as Iceland and raining cats and dogs; the very dickens of a storm, I can tell you."

He gave the fire a poke, the light leaps up and illumines his handsome face. He is very like his picture—a little older—a little worn-looking, and with man's "crown-ing glory," a mustache. The girl has moved a little away from him, the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died out of her face, the hard, angry look has come back. That careless kiss, that easy, cousinly embrace, have told their story. A moment ago her heart beat high with hope—to the day of her death it never beat like that again.

He doesn't look at her; he gazes at the fire instead, and talks with the hurry of a nervous man. The handsome face is a very effeminate face, and not even the light, carefully trained, carefully waxed mustache can hide the weak, irresolute mouth, the delicate, characterless chin. While he talks carelessly and quickly, while his slim white fingers loop and unloop his watch-chain, in the blue eyes fixed upon the fire there is an uneasy look of nervous fear. And into the keeping of this man the girl with the dark, powerful face has given her heart, her fate!

"It seems no end good to be at home again," Sir Victor Catheron says, as if afraid of that brief pause. "You've no idea, Inez, how uncommonly familiar and jolly this blue room, this red fire, looked a moment ago, as I stepped out of the darkness and rain. It brings back the old times—this used to be her favorite morning-room," he glanced at the mother's picture, "and summer and winter a fire always burned here, as now."

She moves over to the mantel. It is very low; she leans one arm upon it, looks steadily at him, and speaks at last.

"I am glad Sir Victor Catheron can remember the old times, can still recall his mother, has a slight regard left for Catheron Royals, and am humbly grateful for his recollection of his gypsy cousin. From his conduct of late it was hardly to have been expected."

"It is coming," thinks Sir Victor, with an inward groan; "and, O Lord! what a row it is going to be. When Inez shuts her lips up in that tight line, and snaps her black eyes in that unpleasant way, I know to my cost, it means 'war to the knife.' I'll be routed with dreadful slaughter, and Inez's motto is ever, 'Woe to the conqueror!' Well, here goes!"

He looks up at her, a good-humored smile on his good-looking face.

"Humbly grateful for my recollection of you! My dear Inez, I don't know what you mean. As for my absence—"

"As for your absence," she interrupts, "you were to have been here, if your memory will serve you, on the first of June. It is now the close of August. Every day of that absence has been an added insult to me. Even now you would not have been here if I had not written you a letter you dare not neglect—sent a command you dare not disobey. You are here to-night because you dare not stay away."

Some of the bold blood of the stern old Saxon race from which he sprung is in his veins still. He looks at her full, still smiling.

"Dare not!" he repeats. "You use strong language, Inez. But then you have an excitable sort of nature, and were ever inclined to hyperbole; and it is a lady's privilege to talk."

"And a man's to act. But I begin to think Sir Victor Catheron is something less than a man. The Catheron blood has bred many an outlaw, many a bitter, bad man, but to-day I begin to think it has bred something infinitely worse—a traitor and a coward!"

He half springs up, his eyes flashing, then falls back, looks at the fire again, and laughs.

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you."

"Strong language once more—you assert your prerogative royally, my handsome cousin. From whom did you inherit that two-edged tongue of yours, Inez, I wonder? Your Castilian mother, surely; the women of our house were never shrews. And even you, my dear, may go a little too far. Will you drop vituperation and explain! It is well we should understand each other fully."

He has grown pale, though he speaks quietly, and his blue eyes gleam dangerously. He is always quiet when most angry.

"It is. And we shall understand each other before we part—be very sure of that. You shall learn what I have inherited from my Castilian mother. You shall learn whether you are to play fast and loose with me at your sovereign will. Does your excellent memory still serve you, or must I tell you what day the twenty-third of September is to be?"

He looks up at her, still pale, that smile on his lips, that gleam in his eyes.

"My memory serves me perfectly," he answers coolly; "it was to have been our wedding day."

Was to have been. As he speaks the words coldly, almost cruelly, as she looks in his face, the last trace of color leaves her own. The hot fire dies out of her eyes, an awful terror comes in its place. With all her heart, all her strength, she loves the man she so bitterly reproaches. It seems to her she can look back upon no time in which her love for him is not.

Ahd now, it was to have been!

She turns so ghastly that he springs to his feet in alarm.

"Good heaven, Inez! you're not going to faint, are you? Don't! Here, take my chair, and for pity's sake don't look like that. I'm a wretch, a brute—what was it I said? Do sit down."

He has taken her in his arms. In the days that are gone he has been very fond, and a little afraid of his gypsy cousin. He is afraid still—horribly afraid, if the truth must be told, now that his momentary anger is gone.

All the scorn, all the defiance has died out of her voice when she speaks again. The great, solemn eyes transfixed him with a look he cannot meet.

"Was to have been," she repeats, in a sort of whisper; "was to have been. Victor, does that mean it never is to be?"

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He turns away, shame, remorse, fear in his averted face. He holds the back of the chair with one hand, she clings to the other as though it held her last hope in life.

"Take time," she says, in the same slow, whispering way. "I can wait. I have waited so long, what does a few minutes more matter now? But think well before you speak—there is more at stake than you know of. My whole future life hangs on your words. A woman's life. Have you ever thought what that implies? 'Was to have been,' you said Does that mean it never is to be?"

Still no reply. He holds the back of the chair, his face averted, a criminal before his judge.

"And while you think," she goes on, in that slow, sweet voice, "let me recall the past. Do you remember Victor, the day when I and Juan came here from Spain? Do you remember me? I recall you as plainly at this moment as though it were but yesterday—a little, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boy in violet velvet, unlike any child I had ever seen before. I saw a woman with a face like an angel, who took me in her arms, and kissed me, and cried over me, for my father's sake. We grew up together, Victor, you and I, such happy, happy years, and I was sixteen, you twenty. And all that time—you had my whole heart. Then came our first great sorrow, your mother's death."

She pauses a moment. Still he stands silent, but his left hand has gone up and covers his face.

"You remember that last night, Victor—the night she died. No need to ask you: whatever you may forget, you are not likely to forget that. We knelt together by her bedside. It was as this is, a stormy summer night. Outside, the rain beat and the wind blew; inside, the stillness of death was everywhere. We knelt alone in the dimly-lit room, side by side, to receive her last blessing—her dying wish. Victor, my cousin, do you recall what that wish was?"

She holds out her arms to him, all her heart breaking forth in the cry. But he will neither look nor stir.

"With her dying hands she joined ours, her dying eyes looking at you. With her dying lips she spoke to you: 'Inez is dearer to me than all the world, Victor, except you. She must never leave the world alone. My son, you love her—promise me you will cherish and protect her always. She loves you as no one else ever will. Promise me, Victor, that in three years from to-night you will make her your wife.' These were her words. And you took her hand, covered it with tears and kisses, and promised."

"We buried her," Inez went on, "and we parted. You went up to Oxford; I went over to Paris pensionnat. In the hour of our parting we went up together hand in hand to her room. We kissed the pillow where her dying head had lain; we knelt by her bedside as we had done that other night. You placed this ring upon my finger; sleeping or walking it has never left it since, and you repeated your vow, that that night three years, on the twenty-third of September, I should be your wife."

She lifts the betrothingal to her lips, and kisses it. "Dear little ring," she says softly. "it has been my one comfort all

on her plump, boneless fingers. A blue ribbon knots up the loose yellow hair, and you may search the big city from end to end, and find nothing fairer, fresher, sweeter than Ethel, Lady Catheron.

If ever a gentleman and a baronet had a fair and sufficient excuse for the folly of a low marriage, surely Sir Victor Catheron has it in this fairy wife—for it is a "low marriage" of the most heinous type. Just seventeen months ago, sauntering idly along the summer sands, looking listlessly at the summer sea, thinking dreamily that this time next year his freedom would be over, and his cousin Inez his lawful owner and possessor, his eyes had fallen on that lovely blonde face—that wealth of shining hair, and for all time—aye, for eternity—his fate was fixed. The dark image of Inez as his wife faded out of his mind, never to return more.

The earthly name of this dazzling divinity in yellow ringlets and pink muslin was Ethel Margaretta—Dobb!

Dobb! It might have disenchanted a less rapturous adorer—it fell powerless on Sir Victor Catheron's infatuated ear.

It was at Margate this meeting took place—that most popular and most vulgar of all English watering-places; and the Cheshire baronet had looked just once at the peach-bloom face, the blue eyes of laughing light, the blushing, dimpling, seventeen-year-old face, and fallen in love at once and for ever.

He was a very impetuous young man, a very selfish and unstable young man, with whom, all his life, to wish was to have. He had been spoiled by a doting mother from his cradle, spoiled by obsequious servants, spoiled by Inez Catheron's boundless worship. And he wished for this "rose of the rose-bud garden of girls" as he had never wished for anything in his two-and-twenty years of life. As a man in a dream he went through that magic ceremony, "Miss Dobb, allow me to present my friend, Sir Victor Catheron," and they were free to look at each other, talk to each other, fall in love with each other, as much as they pleased. As in a dream he lingered by her side three golden hours, as in a dream he said, "Good afternoon," and walked back to his hotel smoking a cigar, the world glorified above and about him. As in a dream they told him she was the only daughter and heiress of a well-to-do London soap-boiler, and he did not wake.

She was the daughter of a soap-boiler. The paternal manufactory was in the grimmest part of the grimy metropolis; but, remarkable to say, she had as much innate pride, self-respect, and delicacy as though "all the blood of all the Howards" flowed in those blue veins.

He wasn't a bad sort of young fellow, as young fellows go, and frantically in love. There was but one question to ask, just eight days after this—"Will you be my wife?"—but one answer, of course—"Yes."

But one answer, of course! How would it be possible for a soap-boiler's daughter to refuse a baronet? And yet his heart had beaten with a fear that turned him dizzy and sick as he asked it; for she had shrunk away for one instant, frightened by his fiery wooing, and the sweet face had grown suddenly and startlingly pale. Is it not the rule that all maidens shall blush when their lovers ask the question of questions?

The rosy brightness, the smiles, the dimples, all faded out of this face, and a white look of sudden fear crossed it. The startled eyes had sunk from his eager, flushed face and looked over the wide sea. For fully five minutes she never spoke or stirred. To his dying day that hour was with him—his passionate love, his sick, horrible fear, his dizzy rapture, when she spoke at last, only one word—"yes." To his dying day he saw her as he saw her then, in her summery muslin dress, her girlish hair, the pale, troubled look chasing the color from the drooping face.

But the answer was "yes." Was he not a baronet? Was she not a well trained English girl? And the ecstasy of pride, of joy, of that city soap-boiler's family, who shall paint? "Awake my muse" and—but, no! it passeth all telling. They bowed down before him (figuratively), this good British tradesman and his fat wife, and worshipped him. They burned incense at his shrine; they adored the ground he walked on; they snubbed their neighbors, and held their chins at an altitude never attained by the family of Dobb before. And in six weeks Miss Ethel Dobb became Lady Catheron.

It was the quietest, the dulllest, the most secret of weddings—not a soul present except Papa and Mamma Dobb, a military swell in the grenadier guards—Pythias, at present, to Sir Victor Damon—the parson, and the pew-opener. He was madly in love, but he was ashamed of the family soap-boiling, and he was afraid of his cousin Inez.

He told them a vague story enough of

"At last! Oh, Victor, what do we go to?"
"To-morrow, if you are able. The sooner the better."

He says it with rather a forced laugh. Her face clouds a little.

"And your cousin? Was she very angry?" she asked, wistfully; "very much surprised?"

"Well—yes—naturally, I am afraid she was both. We must make the best of that, however. To tell the truth, I had only one interview with her, and that of so particularly unpleasant a nature, that I left next morning. So then we start to-morrow! I'll just drop a line to Erroll to apprise him."

He catches hold of his wife's writing-table to wheel it near. By some clumsiness his foot catches in one of its spidery claws, and with a crash it topples over. Away goes the writing case, flying open and scattering the contents far and wide. The crash shock's the baby's nerves, baby begins to cry, and the new-made mamma flies to her angel's side.

"I say!" Sir Victor cries. "Look hear! Awkward thing of me to do, eh, Ethel? Writing case broken too. Never mind I'll pick 'em up."

He goes down on his knees boyishly, and begins gathering them up. Letters envelopes, wax, seals, pens and pencils. He dings all in a heap in the broken case. Lady Catheron cooing to baby looks smilingly on. Suddenly he comes to a full stop.

Comes to a full stop, and holds something before him as though it were a snake. A very harmless snake apparently—the photograph of a young and handsome man. For fully a minute he gazes at it utterly aghast. "Good Heavens!" his wife hears him say.

Holding baby in her arms she glances at him. The back of the picture is toward her, but she recognizes it. Her face turns ashen gray—she moves round and bends it over baby.

"Ethel!" Sir Victor says, his voice stern, "what does this mean?"

"What does that mean? Hush h-h baby, darling. Not so loud, Victor, please. I want to get baby asleep."

How comes Juan Catheron picture here?"

She catches her breath—the tone, in which Sir Victor speaks, is a tone not pleasant to hear. She is a thoroughly good little thing, but the best of little things (being women) are ergo dissemblers. For a second she dares not face him; then she comes bravely up to time and looks at him over her shoulder.

"Juan Catheron! Oh, to be sure. Is that picture here yet?" with a little laugh. "I thought I had lost it centuries ago." "Good Heavens!" she exclaims inwardly; "How could I have been such a fool!"

Sir Victor rises to his feet—a curious passing likeness to his dark cousin, Inez, on his fair blond face. "Then you know Juan Catheron. You! And you never told me."

"My dear Sir Victor," with a little pout, "don't be unreasonable. I should have something to do, if I put you on our count of all my acquaintances. I knew Mr. Catheron—slightly," with a gasp. Is there any crime in that?"

"Yes!" Sir Victor answers, in a voice that makes his wife jump and his son cry. "Yes—there is. I wouldn't own a dog—if Juan Catheron had owned him before me. To look at him, is pollution enough—to know him—disgrace!"

"Victor! Disgrace!"

"Disgrace, Ethel! He is one of the vilest, most profligate, most lost wretches that ever disgraced a good name. Ethel, I command you to tell me—was this man ever anything to you—friend—lover—what?"

"And if he has been—what then?" She rises and faces him proudly. "Am I to answer for his sins?"

"Yes—we all must answer more or less for those who are our friends. How come you to have his picture? What has he been to you? Not your lover—for Heaven's sake, Ethel, never that!"

"And why not? Mind," she says, still facing him, her blue eyes aglitter. "I don't say that he was, but if he was—what then?"

"What then?" He is white to the lips with jealous rage and fear. "This then—you should never again be wife of mine!"

"Victor!" she puts out her hands as if to ward off a blow, "don't say that—oh, don't say that! And—and it isn't true—he never was a lover of mine—never, never!"

She burst out with the denial in passionate fear and trembling. In all her wedded life she has never seen him look, heard him speak like this, though the had seen him jealous—needlessly—often.

"He never was your lover? You are telling me the truth?"

"No, no—never! never, Victor—don't look like that! Oh what brought that wretched picture here! I knew him slightly—only that—and he did give me his photograph. How could I tell he

He tears up the wretched little mischief-making picture, and flings it out of the window with a look of disgust. Then they "kiss and make up," but the stab has been given, and will rankle. The folly of her past is doing its work, as all our follies past and present are pretty sure to do.

The English Railroad Guard.

The guard is found on the station platforms, where he looks at your ticket; opens and closes the door of the compartment, will try to see you well placed, according to your class, then hops into his van, and goes with the train on your journey. He is by no means the important person that the conductor is in the United States, for he has no opportunity to sit with the passengers. He never rises to the rank of captain, as all conductors do in our Southern States. He may become a Knight Templar, for all I know, but I never saw him with his waistcoat ablaze with the symbols of that order which so often decorate our own conductors. Doubtless in private life he is a man of influence in his neighborhood, but on duty he is a quiet servant, and his relations with the public are purely those of business. He is a tidy man in blue cloth uniform, with white metal buttons, and often wears a broad patent leather strap over one shoulder with white buckle and ornaments. He sometimes carries a small bag, presumably for such pipers as he needs to have, and is provided with a green flag to wave to the engine man as a signal to start the train. Altogether he is a simple, efficient, and civil official, and just here is a striking contrast between the men of the two countries. On the English railroads one never sees the conductor or ticket-seller who scorns you if you ask a question, and gives the minimum of information with the maximum of brusqueness; one never sees the usher who stands in the gateway and bellows in articulate pride, then turns a quid in his cheek, and squirts tobacco juice into a corner.

Training a Husband.

My dear ladies, to whom I appeal, do not lose heart with the loss of your husband's attendance at meals. Next Sunday, when he is sure to be at home, expecting the usual dullness, have the place bright; and do as I have told you. You may be sure that his wanderings are none too happy without you—that at the club the last good-byes at midnight have been said with something approaching a stricken conscience—and as his cab jingles up to your door and he pays the cabman, he would give him five times his fare and shake hands rather than face your reproachful greeting, though you say nothing.

Never be reproachful, even with your eyes, when he comes home, because he stayed out so late; rather look pleased to see him come back; and next time he will be earlier. Remember he can't always be tied to your apron strings, and that he probably had friends even before he fell in love with you.

I know a man who got married. When he came back from his honeymoon he went out with half a dozen men to a music hall and to the club afterward. Some one chafed him about staying out so late, a newly married man, and his reply was, "Old man, take my advice, and make it a good late night to begin with; I mean to have a late night once a month deliberately, and then there'll be no complaints." And he does—wisely—and they are very happy together, he and his wife.—Miss Mantalini, in Westminster Budget.

A large stock of all the latest novels just arrived at the Express Bookstore.

Broken in Health

That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back

Appetite and Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla



your neglect for the last year and a half, I have looked at it, and know you would never break your pledged word to the living and the dead.

"I came home from school a year ago, you were not here to meet and welcome me. You never came. You fixed the first of June for your coming, and you broke your word. Do I tire you with all these details, Victor? But I must speak to-night. It will be for the last time—you will never give me cause again. Of the whispered slanders that have reached me I do not speak; I do not believe them. Weak you may be, fickle you may be, but you are a gentleman of loyal race and blood; you will keep your pledged troth. Oh, forgive me, Victor! Why do you make me say such things to you? I hate myself for them, but your neglect has driven me nearly wild. What have I done? Again she stretches forth her hands in eloquent appeal. "See I have you. What more can I say? I forgive all the past; I ask no questions. I believe nothing of the horrible stories they try to tell me. Only come back to me. If I lose you, I shall die."

Her face is transfigured as she speaks—her hands still stretched out.

"O Victor, come," she says; "let the past be dead and forgotten. My darling, come back!"

But he shrinks away as those soft hands touch him, and pushes her off.

"Let me go!" he cries "don't touch me, Inez! It can never be. You don't know what you ask!"

He stands confronting her now, pale as herself, with eyes averted. She recoils like one who has received a blow.

"Can never be?" she repeats.

"Can never be?" he answers. "I am what you have called me, Inez, a traitor and a coward. I stand here perjured before God, and you, and my dead mother. It can never be. I can never marry you. I am married already!"

The blow has fallen—the horrible, brutal blow. She stands looking at him—she hardly seems to comprehend. There is a pause—the firelight flickers, they hear the rain lashing the windows, the sighing of the gale in the trees. Then Victor Catheron bursts forth:

"I don't ask you to forgive me—it is past all that. I make no excuse; the deed is done. I met her, and I loved her. She has been my wife for sixteen months, and—there is a son!" Inez, don't look at me like that! I am a scoundrel, I know, but—"

He breaks down—the sight of her face unmans him. He turns away, his heart beating horribly thick. How long the ghastly pause that follows lasts he never knows—a century, counting by what he undergoes. Once, during that pause, he sees her fixed eyes turn slowly to his mother's picture—he hears low, strange-sounding words drop from her lips:

"He swore by your dying bed, and see how he keeps his oath!"

Then the life that seems to have died from her face flames back. Without speaking to him, without looking at him, she turns to leave the room. On the threshold she pauses and looks back.

"A wife and a son," she says, slowly and distinctly. "Sir Victor Catheron, fetch them home; I shall be glad to see them."

CHAPTER II. WIFE AND HEIR.

In a very genteel lodging-house, in the best neighborhood of Russell square, early in the afternoon of a September day, a young girl stands impatiently awaiting the return of Sir Victor Catheron. This girl is his wife.

It is a bright, sunny day—as sunny, at least, as a London day ever can make up its mind to be—and as the yellow, slanting rays pour in through the muslin curtains full on face and figure, you may search and find no flaw in either. It is a very lovely face, a very graceful, though petite figure. She is a blonde of the blondest type; her hair is like spun gold, and, wonderful to relate, no Yellow Wash; no Golden Fluid, has ever touched its shining abundance. Her eyes are bluer than the September sky over the Russell square chimney-pots; her nose is neither aquiline nor Grecian, but it is very nice; her forehead is low, her mouth and chin "morsels for the gods." The little figure is deliciously rounded and ripe; in twenty years from now she may be a heavy British matron, with a yard and a half wide waist—at eighteen years old she is, in one word, perfection.

Her dress is perfection also. She wears a white India muslin, a marvel of delicate embroidery and exquisite texture, and a great deal of Valenciennes trimming. She has a pearl and turquoise star fastening her lace collar, pearl and turquoise drops in

for the present necessity, and nobody cross-questioned the baronet. That the parson was a parson, the marriage bona fide, his daughter "my lady," and himself the prospective grandfather of many baronets, was enough for the honest soap-boiler.

For the bride herself, she said little, in a shy, faltering little way. She was a study of her dashing, high-born, impulsive lover, and very well content not to come into the full blaze and dazzle of high life just yet. If any other romance had ever figured in her simple life, the story was finished and done with, the book read and put away.

He took her to Switzerland, to Germany, to Southern France, keeping well out of the way of other tourists, and ten months followed—ten months of such exquisite, unalloyed bliss, as rarely falls to mortal man. Unalloyed, did I say? Well, not quite, since earth and heaven are two different places. In the dead of pale Southern nights, with the shine of the moon on his wife's lovely sleeping face; in the hot, brilliant moonlight; in the sweet, green gloaming—Inez Catheron's black eyes came menacingly before him—the one bitter drop in his cup. All his life he had been a little afraid of her. He was something more than a little afraid of her now.

They returned. The commodious lodgings in Russell Square awaited him, and Sir Victor "went in" for domestic felicity in the parish of Bloomsbury, "on the quiet." Very much "on the quiet"—no theatre going, no opera, no visitors, and big Captain Jack Erroll, of the Second Grenadiers, his only guest. Four months of this sort of thing, and then—and then there was a son.

Lying in her lace-draped, satin-covered bed, looking at baby's fat little, funny little face, Ethel, Lady Catheron, began to think. She had time to think in her quiet and solitude. Monthly nurses and husbands being in the very nature of things antagonistic, and nurse being reigning potentate at present, the husband was banished. And Lady Catheron grew hot and indignant that the heir of Catheron Royals should have to be born in London lodgings, as the mistress of Catheron Royals live shut up like a nun, or a fair Rosamond in a bower.

"You have no relations living but your cousin, Victor," she said to him, more coldly than she had ever spoken in her life. "Are you master in your own house, or is she? Are you afraid of this Miss Catheron, who writes you such long letters (which I never see), that you dare not take your wife home?"

He had told her something of that other story necessarily—his former engagement to his cousin, Inez. Only something—not the bare ugly truth of his own treachery. The soap-boiler's daughter was more noble of soul than the baronet. Gentle as she was, she would have despised him thoroughly had she known the truth.

"This secrecy has lasted long enough," Lady Catheron said, a resolute-looking expression crossing her pretty, soft-cut mouth. "The time has come when you must speak. Don't make me think you are ashamed of me, or afraid of her. Take me home—it is my right; acknowledge your son—it is his. When there was only I, it did not so much matter—it is different now."

She lifted one of baby's dots of hands, and kissed it. And Sir Victor, his face hidden in the shadow of the curtains, his voice husky, made answer:

"You are right, Ethel—you always are. As soon as you both can travel, my wife and child shall come home with me to Catheron Royals."

Just three weeks later, as the August days were ending, came that last letter from Inez, commanding his return. His hour had come. He took the next morning train, and went forth to meet the woman he feared and had wronged.

The afternoon sun drops lower. If Sir Victor returns from Cheshire to-day, Lady Catheron knows he will be here in a few minutes. She looked at her watch a little wearily. The days are very long and lonely without him. Looks up again, her eyes averted. A hansom has dashed up to the door, and it is her husband who leaps out. Half a minute and he is in the room, and she is clasped in his arms.

"My darling!" he exclaims, and you need only hear the two words to tell how rapturously he loves his wife. "Let me look at you. Oh! as pale as ever, I see. Never mind! Cheshire air, sunshine, green fields, and new milk shall bring back your roses. And your son and heir, my lady, how is he?"

He bends over the pretty basinet, with that absurd paternal look all very new fathers regard the first blessing, and his mischievous tickles baby's innocent nose. A flush comes into her face. She looks

was the wretch you say he is—how could I think there would be any harm in taking a picture? He seemed nice, Victor. What did he ever do?"

"He seemed nice!" Sir Victor repeated bitterly, "and what did he ever do? What has he left undone, you had better ask. He has broken every command of the decalogue—every law human and divine. He is dead to us all—his sister included, and has been these seven years. Ethel, can I believe—"

"I have told you, Sir Victor. You will believe as you please," his wife answers, a little sullenly, turning away from him.

She understands him. His very jealousy and anger are born of his passionate love for her. To grieve her is torture to him, yet he grieves her often.

For a tradesman's daughter to marry a baronet may be but one remove from paradise; still it is a remove. And the serpent in Lady Catheron's Eden is the ugliest and most vicious of all serpents—jealousy. He has never shown his green eyes and obnoxious claws so palpably before, and as Sir Victor looks at her bending over her baby, his fierce paroxysm of jealousy gives way to a fierce paroxysm of love.

"Oh, Ethel, forgive me!" he says; "I did not mean to wound you, but the thought of that man—fought! But I am a fool—be jealous of you, my white lily. Kiss me—forgive me—we'll throw this snake in the grass out of the window and forget it. Only I had—"



Mr. Chas. Steele
St. Catherine's, Ont.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:"

"For a number of years I have been troubled with a general tired feeling, shortness of breath, pain in the back, and constipation. I could get only little rest at night on account of the pain and had no appetite whatever. I was tired in my limbs that I gave out before half the day was gone. I tried a great number of medicines but did not get any permanent relief from any

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

source until, upon recommendation of a friend, I purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which made me feel better at once. I have continued its use, having taken three bottles, and

I Feel Like a New Man.

I have a good appetite, feel as strong as ever I did, and enjoy perfect rest at night. I have much pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES STEELE, with Erie Preserving Co., St. Catherine's, Ontario.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT!

DOES YOUR
WIFE
DO HER OWN
WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.

Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

INSIST UPON A HEINTZMAN CO PIANO

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

Heintzman & Co. Piano.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dulness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY, 117 King st. West, Toronto.

The Napanee Express \$1. The Weekly Globe.

BEST CLUBBING OFFER EVER MADE.

By paying one dollar in advance these two popular and reliable papers will be sent post free to the subscriber's address. Call at the "Express Office" and secure this bargain.

YOU CAN SECURE

Some Great Bargains

—IN—

Dress Goods,
Millinery,
Clothing,
Staple Goods,
Gent's
Furnishings
Furs.

—AT—

ROBINSON'S
MID-WINTER
SALE

Call and See for Yourself

ROBINSON & CO'Y.

Fresh home-made cakes at Davis'.
Deseronto spent \$4.387.50 on her public

Fresh oysters at Davis.

Mrs. Lang is visiting Mrs. Dr. Eakins in Belleville this week.

Miss Gannon and her brother, are visiting friends in the vicinity of Erinsville.

Mrs. Hoffman and Miss Vio Hoffman returned from a two weeks visit at Morven.

Miss Smith, of Utica, visiting Mrs. Stanley Warner, left for home this morning.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, 25c.

Mrs. Judge Wilkison held a delightful assembly at her residence on Monday evening.

Napanee lodge A.F. and A. M. had a supper at the Paisley House on Thursday evening.

Mrs. E. S. Lapum, and Fred, returned Monday from a ten days visit to Byard Shibley's in Portland.

Mr. James Plumley received a legacy of \$644 from his deceased brother's estate in the old country.

Gibbard's Furniture Factory is still closed down owing to the scarcity of water in the canal.

The people who are all the time growling for some other kind of weather are getting it these days.

Mr. B. E. Alysoworth, reeve of Bath, was in town on Tuesday, attending the meeting of the Farmers' Institute.

Samuel Clapp, formerly of Prince Edward, is the Patron Candidate in North Essex for the Commons.

The regular monthly song service was held in the Western church last Sunday evening and was well attended.

Close's Mills will shut down for repairs 4 days commencing Monday, Jan. 21st Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Annie Lloyd, of Brockville, spent Xmas and New Year's with her parents at the Piety Hill Greenhouse, Napanee.

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Yeomans, of Colborne, a boy of 12 years, died somewhat suddenly last week.

It is understood that William Evans, Deseronto will be appointed inspector of hulls, vice Capt. Harbottle, deceased.

Miss Agnes Mooney, of Napanee, has been re-engaged for another year as teacher in the separate school at Erinsville.

Miss Lottie Allen has secured a situation as school teacher in the vicinity of Tweed, at a salary of \$375 per annum.

Mr. James M. Lapum, of the Buffalo Fish Company, was with his family this week, and left for Buffalo Thursday morning.

Dyspepsia seldom causes death, but permits its victims to live on in misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

Not damaged stock, but bright, fresh, new, boots and shoes now offered at Haines & Lockett's great sale, at from 20 to 50 per cent reduction.

John Randolph, late conductor on the Grand Trunk Railway, has purchased the City Hotel, Kingston, and assumes management at once.

A sleigh-load of Royal Templars of Temperance from Napanee attended the district meeting of the Order, which convened in Deseronto on Tuesday.

Sleigh riding down the hill is now a popular amusement among the young people of Napanee. Its a nice pastime, but it has its drawbacks.

Dr. Smythe, the unseated of Kingston, has again consented to oppose Hon. Wm. Hartly for the representation of Kingston in the Ontario Legislature.

The Methodist Sunday School of Enterprise gave a very good entertainment in the town hall there on Wednesday. The proceeds amounted to \$16.75.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Herrington entertained a few of their friends to a progressive pedro party on Wednesday evening. A most enjoyable time was spent.

The congregation of Bridge street Methodist church, Belleville, have extended an invitation to the Rev. Mr. Bishop, of Queen street church, Toronto.

Jacob Rathbun, of Green Point, has rented a farm in Ameliasburgh, known as the DeLong farm, where he will carry on dairying on an extensive scale.

Geo. Patterson will be the teacher of the 3rd con. school, near Emerald, Amherst Island, and W. G. Dunkley, of Morven, will teach in the Emerald school.

Capt. A. F. Holmes and Charles Munson left Napanee on Monday for Oswego, N. Y. where they will join O. G. Armstrong.

Fat Hogs Wanted.

I will pay \$5 per hundred for all the good dressed hogs offered from this date to the 19th. I also want fat sheep and heavy bulls for export. C. E. BARTLETT.

Open for Engagements.

J. Fred Tilley, Baritone Soloist, begs to announce that he is open for concert engagements during the season of 1895. Terms on application.

Annual Meeting.

The Annual meeting of the Lennox Agricultural Society will be held in the Council Chamber, Napanee, on Wednesday Jan. 16th, 1895 at 2 p.m. Every member is urged to attend. E. MING, Sec'y 3c

Tea Meeting.

The Mount Pleasant Methodist church will give a tea meeting on Friday, Jan. 18. A good programme has been prepared, talent from Deseronto and other places will assist. Tickets 25c, children 15c. Refreshments served at 8 o'clock.

Talent "At Home."

Mrs. Geo. E. Mabey will give a Talent "At Home" Friday evening, Jan. 18th, at the Town Hall Napanee. A programme of more than ordinary merit will be given by resident and outside talent. Admission 10c. The public are cordially invited.

Annual Meeting, Farmers' Institute.

The annual meeting of the Lennox Farmers' Institute will be held in the town hall, Napanee, on Saturday, the 19th inst., at 1 30 p. m. A full attendance is requested. U. C. SILLS, President. H. ALYSWORTH, Secretary.

Seranton Coal

The only genuine seranton coal to be found in Napanee is that delivered by Thos. Stewart, coal and grain merchant foot of Centre st. No gas, no clinkers, no waste. Every ton delivered can be guaranteed to be the pure seranton coal.

The Traveller's Home.

Chief of Police Storms has lodged at the Police station, during the year 1894, 383 tramps. The knights of the road have been quite numerous during the summer months. There is a large proportion of them that pay Napanee a visit, who do not apply for protection at all.

Credit Sale.

Mr. James Gordon will sell his entire farming stock and implements, also a quantity of household effects at his residence, in the 2nd. con. of Tyendinaga, (near Empey Hill,) on Monday next the 14th, inst. See large posters. 6a B. C. McCARGER, Auctioneer.

Death of Mrs. James Blakely.

Another aged resident of Napanee was called to her reward on the 4th inst., in the person of Mrs. Helen Blakely, relict of the late James Blakely. She died at the residence of Wm. Embury, aged 69 years. The funeral took place on Sunday to the Napanee Cemetery.

Lost.

On Christmas Day, a small leather covered pocket memorandum, containing a few visiting cards, receipts and private papers that are of no value to any one but the owner. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving the same with Mr. Hugh Milling at the Campbell House. 5c

Bay Circuit.

Rev. F. B. Stratton, chairman of the Napanee District, will preach D. V. on Sabbath, 13th, inst. as follows: Hay Bay, at 10.30 a. m.; Bethany, at 2.30 p. m.; Anderson's at 7 p. m.; Local choir will discourse the music. A liberal collection solicited at all the appointments in aid of Mission fund.

Breaking The Game Law.

A case was up before James Daly, police magistrate on Tuesday for violation of the game law. The parties prosecuted were George and Henry Lindsay, of Napanee. They were charged with breaking open and destroying muskrat houses. It was argued on the defense that they were not muskrat houses, but feeding beds that were broken open. The case was adjourned for one week to give the parties time to consult the best authority possible as to their contention.

A New Partner.

With its issue of Jan. 4th the Picton Gazette passes into the hands of the Conger Publishing Co., and Mr. Don Conger.

COAL

Scranton Coal

Don't be misled. This Coal can only be purchased at

THOS. STEWART'S

who has the Sole Agency. One trial is sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that this is the best Coal mined.

All under cover, and well screened immediately before delivery.

A. R. Boyes

AGENT.

OFFICE AND YARDS foot of Centre st.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Issued by Ogden Hinch at Che. pldge, (application strictly private and confidential.) 57

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1895.

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged for line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. S. Detlor.—167

We Quotes

Fur Coats

\$11.50!

Radford & Son

THE GREAT CLOTHIERS.

ettes, at Davis.

Mr. Raymond Forneri, of Adolphustown, was in town on Monday.

Mr. John Osborne, of Newburgh, gave us a call on Wednesday.

The Band serenaded the old council at the council chamber, on Monday evening.

Miss Hypatia Fox and Miss E. Hinch have returned to their respective studies in Toronto.

Word has been received from Montreal that Banker Smith has contracted diphteria, and his recovery is doubtful.

—Destroy the Worms or they may destroy the children. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and expel worms of all kinds.

Go to Lawson's for cheap meat. Lamb front quarter, 7c. hind quarter 8c. steak 3 lbs. 25c. Telephone No. 31.

Miss Eva Roblin, formerly of Napanee, has just been engaged as soprano soloist in Durdas street Methodist church, London.

A two year old Jersey bull for sale or exchange for a young horse. Apply to Charles Lorky 1 1/2 mls. east of Napanee, on the York Road. 5211.

Mr. A. N. Storms, of Joliet, Dakota, arrived in town last Friday on a few weeks visit with friends in this vicinity. He has been absent from home for six years.

Look Out For It—If you are troubled with a cold or cough, however light the attack look out for it, do not allow it to settle on the lungs; break up the cough by loosening the tough phlegm with Haysard's Pectoral Balsam.

The Plain Truth Tells—Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and bad blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which acts upon the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood, curing all their diseases.

There will be no services in the Eastern Methodist church next Sabbath morning, owing to the anniversary services in the Western Methodist church and the Rev. A. Macdiarmid, Ph. D., being absent at services in Newburgh.

Great bargains at Kimmerly's for the next two weeks, 4 lbs. mixed candy 25 cts. fine new raisins 5 lbs. for 25 cts. choice currants 3 lbs. for 25 cts., a car of sugar currants 30 lbs. \$1.00, cream candy 15c. per lb., Florida oranges 25c. per doz., tobacco 50c. per lb. finest pearl tapioca 5c. per lb. All new goods, and we will not be undersold.

DAFOE & PAUL,

Undertakers

EVERYTHING NEW AND FIRST-CLASS.

the residence of Mrs. W. T. Gibbard, on Friday of last week, in aid of the Women's Missionary Society of the Western church.

At the Methodist parsonage, Bath, on Dec. 25th, Rev. W. Bowman Tucker, D. D., married Wm J. Thorold, of Deseronto, to Nettie May, daughter of Nicholas Myers, of Bath.

Haines & Lockett's store in Napanee was closed on Wednesday, while marking down the prices for their great remnant sale of Boots & Shoes at 20 to 50 per cent reduction.

Mrs. John Allison, Napanee, contracted blood poisoning while nursing a sick neighbor and last week it was found necessary to amputate the second finger of her right hand at the knuckle.

Joseph Moore, Williamsville, has devised a plan by which sleighs and ice boats may be run on the same principle as a bicycle. Both machines will be ready for exhibition shortly.—Picton Times.

Miss Beatrice Koubert, of Napanee, who has been visiting friends in Erinsville for the past week, has returned home. She was accompanied by Miss Agnes McMullen and Miss Mary Murphy, who have resumed their studies in the Collegiate Institute.

Consumptives, cheer up! You are not going to die, if you will but take Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, "the kind that cures" coughs, colds, bronchitis and the first stage of consumption. Every bottle warranted. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c, and \$1.00, at druggists.

Mr. John F. Hunt, of Detroit, formerly of Napanee, also Mrs. Hunt and Miss Geno Hunt, leave on Monday for New York where they will sail, on Wednesday, for Europe. Mr. Edd Hunt left for Detroit Tuesday evening, where he will remain until his brother's return.

The following priests and deacons were ordained at Kingston by the Archbishop of Ontario: Priest—Rev. James Empringham, appointed to the mission of Wellington and Gerow Gore; Deacons—Alfred H. Creegan, Kingston, appointed to the mission of Marysburgh; R. W. Irvine, North Hastings, appointed to the mission Calabogie.

Haines & Lockett have commenced an immense clearing sale of Boots and Shoes from 20 to 50 per cent reduction on new goods. The fire in Belleville has left the Napanee stock with a number of small lots of three or four pairs each all perfect goods, but which must be sold before spring stock comes in. The Bargains are immense.

Now that Christmas is comfortably over at last everybody is supposed to be getting ready to startle the world with a fine crop of New Year resolutions. The experience of all ages goes to show that there are few things that contribute so generously to the happiness of man as the making—and breaking—of New Year resolutions.

District Orange Lodge of Lennox, met in the Orange Hall, Napanee, Jan. 8th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. District Master, Bro. William Cornwall; D. Deputy Master, Bro. Miles Plumley; District Chaplain, Bro. Fred Sexsmith; District Fin. Sec. Bro. John Howell; District Treas. Bro. N. Kimmeth; District D. of C., Bro. Shannon; District Lect., Bro. J. Hardwick.

The Odessa correspondent of the Kingston Whig laid himself out to criticize actions of the old council of Ernestown, last week. He says that "the financial statement, which according to law should be issued on Dec. 15th, was not placed in the hands of the electors until the Saturday before nomination day." Taking this as an example of his objections to the old council, his criticism cannot be styled of a very heavy calibre. The law only requires that the financial statement shall be submitted to the council on Dec. 15th, but as for the matter of placing them in the hands of the ratepayers, in the town of Napanee they are not usually distributed until the day of nomination, and we believe that this is quite in keeping with the statute made and provided.



BY ONE MAN. Send for free illustrated catalogue, showing testimonials from thousands who have saved from 5 to 9 cords duty. It saws down trees, folds like a pocket knife, easily carried on shoulder. One man can saw more timber with it than two men with a cross cut saw. \$1.00 in use. We also make larger sized machines to carry 1 foot saws. First order secured agency. FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO. 941 to 949 S. Jefferson St., CHICAGO, ILL.

MILES S. PLUMLEY, Mfg. Agent, Napanee.

same management since April 15th, 1850, and we hope that with the infusion of new blood the Gazette will be even more prosperous in the future than it has been in the past. It is a live well edited journal and a very welcome exchange.

Examinations Free.

We have enlarged and refitted our Optical department, adding all the modern appliances for examination of the eyes, which our Optician will do free of charge. We can guarantee satisfaction equal to that obtained in the largest cities. If you have any doubt about your eyes, call and have them examined. If glasses are necessary, delay is dangerous.

F. W. SMITH & BRO.
Napanee Jewellery Store.

The New Year.

Finds Hood's Sarsaparilla leading everything in the way of medicines in three important particulars, namely: Hood's Sarsaparilla has

1. The largest sale in the world. It accomplishes
 2. The greatest cures in the world. It has
 3. The largest Laboratory in the world.
- What more can be said? Hood's Sarsaparilla has merit; it is peculiar to itself, and most of all, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. If you are sick, it is the medicine for you to take.

Western Church Anniversary.

The Anniversary services of the Western Methodist church will be held on Sunday next. At the request of the official Board the pastor will conduct both services. At the morning service the subject will be "Sacrifice and Compensation." In the evening a song sermon will be given. Miss Canfield, of Belleville, a noted singer, will sing at both services. Don't fail to hear her. Special contributions are asked for during the day. Let everybody assist in the matter. The Eastern church has kindly withdrawn its morning service so as to allow all to attend the Western church at that hour.

Make Your own Postal Cards.

After January 1st, the use of the private post card will be legal in Canada. With a one cent stamp attached, any ordinary card may be sent through the mail as well as the regular official postal card. The cards must be composed of ordinary cardboard, not thicker than the material used for the official card and the maximum size of the ordinary Canada postcard now in use. The minimum size must not be less than three and a quarter inches by two and one quarter inches. The cards must not be folded. On the address side upon which the postage stamp used in pre-payment must be fixed, nothing may be written, printed or otherwise impressed except the name and address of the person to whom the card is delivered, and the name and address of the sender of the card and the words "private postal."

The Beautiful Children.

A friend of our acquaintance once remarked that he was "very much obliged to the ladies of America for having such beautiful children." He was right. American children are remarkably comely. Take a promenade in any of our parks of a fine day and you may see hosts of little cherubs being perambulated by nurses, or toddling or cavorting about on foot. One feels an almost irresistible inclination to hug them. If one could put one or two in one's vest pocket, and could deaden one's remorse of the grief of Mamma and run away fast enough—but no,—we will not suggest the possibility even to a childless old bachelor enamored of babies. That these beautiful little creatures should become feeble, weak, attenuated, haggard and woebegone is a most deplorable fact. Rescue must then be prompt or fatal consequences will ensue. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is an invigorant, the agreeable flavor of which specially adapts it to the use of families where there are children. All children object to taking medicine, and it is a most unpleasant task to force it upon them. Scott's Emulsion which is as agreeable as milk, excites no repugnance in the young or in delicate invalids generally. Physicians universally recommend it, and there is the highest authority for saying that it is the best nutrient of the feeble as well as specific for throat and lung disease in existence.

No reduced goods allowed out on approval, all must pay cash at Haines & Lockett's great remnant sale of Boots and Shoes.

THE MID-WINTER CLEARING SALE

—AT—

THE - BIG - STORE

Begins on Saturday Morning, January 12th

FOR THE FIRST WEEK In the Dry Goods Store.

All Remnants must go.
Prices about Half Value.

Also 4000 yards English Fast Color Prints, 29 inches
wide, 10c quality and Good Patterns

5 CENTS A YARD.

IN THE CLOTHING STORE


All Tweed Remnants must be cleared,
All Heavy Tweeds at Cut Prices.
All Odd Suits and Odd Garments must go.

IN THE SHOE STORE.

Clearing Prices on Odd Pairs.
Great Bargains in Winter Footwear.

LAHEY & MCKENTY

IT IS A

That I am  Church of St. Mary Magdalene Notes.

New Law Firm.
Mr. W. H. Perry, Barrister, formerly of
the law firm of Preston & Perry of this
town has entered the office of Mr. John

Women's Missionary Society.
Sabbath auxiliary of the W. M. S. held its

SQUARE public the FACT best

Scranton Division COAL

there is in town at the
Lowest Price

Now is the time to purchase your season's supply. Inspection of quality and price solicited.

J. R. Dafoe

TOWN COUNCIL.

{ COUNCIL CHAMBER,
Jan. 7th, 1895.

The old council met in the new council chamber on Monday evening, Mayor Stevens in the chair, present, Carson Symington, Anderson, Ward, Leonard, McAlister, Lowry, Burns.

The minutes of last regular and special meetings were read and adopted. The Treasurer's report was read and ordered to be filed.

The special committee appointed to confer with the Waterworks Co., reported that they had sent Dr. Ward, the chairman of the committee, to Watertown to confer personally with Messrs. Haines and Boyd. The Co. expressed a desire to make an offer to sell the works at a proper value, and said they would consult Mr. Hanover, who holds over half the stock, and submit the terms to the corporation through the council. The committee advised that no further action be taken in the matter at present, and that Dr. Ward be allowed his expenses. Adopted.

The question of a fire alarm was then brought up and on motion W. C. Scott addressed the council.

Scott advised the council to make haste slowly in the matter of putting in a fire alarm. It would be a good idea for the council to get expert independent testimony on the merits of the different systems as an uninitiated man could be easily deceived in dealing with these matters.

A letter from the council of Gananoque was then read, showing that the system of fire alarm there, which was similar to the one the Bell Telephone Co. proposed putting in in Napanee, was not working very satisfactorily.

Moved by Anderson and Burns that reeve Carson, deputy reeve Symington and Coun. Lowry be a committee to meet Mr. Scott and confer with him re a fire alarm system. Carried.

Mr. Scott assured the council that they need not trouble about the present fire alarm system, as it would be carried on till some arrangement was arrived at.

The thanks of the council were tendered to Mr. Scott for the information he had so kindly given.

On motion the usual allowance of \$20 each was ordered to be paid the members of the retiring council for services on committees during the year.

A number of accounts were read and ordered to be paid or referred to the different committees.

Coun. Pringle entered.

An expression of regret was voiced by the council on the retirement of Couns. Anderson, Pringle, Potter, and Paul.

Messrs. Potter and Paul were absent but Messrs. Pringle and Anderson briefly replied to the kind expression.

Council adjourned, sine die.

Men's Boots, Boy's Boots, Ladie's Boots, Children's Boots included in Haines & Lockett's great remnant sale at 20 to 50 per cent reduction.

Mrs. Beauphrey, of Belleville, had her leg broken just above the ankle, on the 3rd inst., by being thrown from a rig while the horse was running away.

Matins and Litany 11 a. m.; Sunday School and Bible Class 3 p. m.; Evensong 7 p. m.

Selby.

Evensong at 7 p. m., when addresses on the creed will be continued.

Tamworth.

The ladies of Christ Church have re-organized their Guild and held their first meeting for work on Wednesday, 2nd inst., at the home of Miss Lockridge. They are prepared to take orders for all kinds of plain sewing, fancy work, knitting, etc.

Enterprise.

The Church of England congregation at this place, who have been worshipping for some time past in the Orange Hall, have purchased the old Methodist church and site and are repairing the building and arranging it for service. The site, which consists of two lots, is considered the best in the village and the congregation are looking forward to the erection of a more churchly edifice at some future day.

Parish of Camden.

Services Sunday next: St. Luke's, Camden East, 11 o'clock; St. John's, Newburgh, 8 o'clock; Holy Trinity, Yarker, 7 o'clock; Napanee Mills 10 30 a. m. Collections for Foreign Missions Epiphany appeal.—The congregation of St. John's, Newburgh, propose holding a grand entertainment, both afternoon and evening of Wednesday, Jan. 30th, in Finkle's Hall in aid of a bell for the church.

Adolphustown Parish.—Missionary Meetings.

On Sunday the 13th inst., D. V., the Rev. F. D. Woodcock, M. A., and the Rev. A. L. Gean, P. D., will hold Missionary Meetings in St. Paul's church, Sandhurst, at 11 o'clock; in St. Alban's, Adolphustown, at 7 o'clock; and in St. Jude's, Gosport, at 7 o'clock. Collection for the Mission Fund at every meeting.

Union Church.

There will be no English church service in this church next Sunday on account of the missionary meeting in Gosport, to which all are invited.

A Sad Death.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the demise of Rita Vanslyck, wife of Mr. Frank M. Denyes, of Odessa, which sad event occurred on Tuesday 8th inst. Deceased was 28 years of age and much esteemed and respected for her many endearing qualities. She was a good christian lady and a consistent member of the Methodist church, having become a member of that body at the early age of ten years. She leaves a husband and two children, an infant 6 days old, and a boy two years of age. The great heart of the community goes out to Mr. Denyes in his sad affliction. The funeral took place on Thursday to the Morven cemetery.

A Good Man Gone.

On New Year's day the spirit of Robert Patterson took its flight and a noble soul passed over to the Great Divide. He was fifty-six years of age, born and brought up on Amherst Island, and as a fitting finale his last breath was drawn in the place in which he first saw the light of day. In the days of the old 48th Batt. he served as captain of No. 4 company, and later on was appointed major. In camp he was a general favorite, not only with his own company, but with the whole battalion, and the intelligence of his death will be received with deep regret by all who knew him. On Amherst Island he was honored and revered by all classes, and was a school trustee where he lived, and also faithfully served the township for some years in the capacity of Reeve. In 1892 he was elected warden of Lennox and Addington, and his appointment gave general satisfaction to all. He was a staunch reformer in politics, and did yeoman services for the grand old cause of Liberalism. In religion he was a faithful member of the Presbyterian church. A widow and seven children, are left to mourn the loss of a faithful husband and loving father. His mother, and old lady who has seen the ups and downs of life for over ninety years, still survives and mourns the loss of her only son. The funeral, which was the largest ever seen on the island, took place on Thursday Jan. 3rd, to the Presbyterian church, where the Rev. J. Cumberland conducted the service, after which all that was mortal of Robert Patterson was consigned to the Glenwood vault to await burial.

return to town and wish him every success.

The New Council Chamber.

The new council chamber in the basement of the town hall is a credit to Napanee. It is comfortable and commodious, handsomely painted, lighted by gas and heated by hot air. Our civic fathers are to be complimented on their handsome new chamber, and much praise is due to ex-Councillor Thos. E. Anderson, for the able manner in which the work was conducted.

Mrs. Soper, of Belleville, died in that city on the 3rd inst., at the advanced age of 90 years.

Miss Belle Spooner has been engaged as teacher for Tichborne school this year.

Miss Gertrude Mills, of Wilton, has been engaged as teacher of Victoria school for 1895.

Mrs. Hannah M. Cochrane, relict of the late Rev. John Cochrane, the second rector of St. Thomas' church, Belleville, died at Huff's Island on Sunday morning. Deceased was 85 years of age, and came of one of the oldest families in the Bay of Quinte District—the Meyers', whose early home was at Trenton.

West Algoma bye election will take place on the 29th, inst., and that for Kingston on the 28th.

A very pleasant time was spent on New Year's night at the residence of Mrs. I. Holland, Wooler, the occasion being the marriage of their niece, Miss Mary I. Palmer, to M. W. W. Herrington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. Thomas in the presence of about 150 friends. The happy couple were the recipients of many valuable presents. They are spending their honeymoon with relatives in Napanee and vicinity.

A bridge is needed to span the river at Howe Island. Father O'Gorman, could not cross the river to celebrate mass on a recent Sunday, owing to the lack of one.

Miss Etta Sutton, daughter of Cyrus Sutton, of Colebrook, died last week, after an illness of one week's duration.

The Sidney Crossing Mission Band presented the City Mission, Belleville, with a beautiful, crayon autograph quilt on Friday eve.

Early on Thursday morning, Jan. 3rd, the home of J. K. McCaragar, about two miles east of Belleville, on the Kingston Road, was totally destroyed by fire. The inmates were asleep when the fire broke out, and when the fire was discovered it was with difficulty they made their escape. It was a substantial two story brick building. It is thought the fire originated from a grate in which soft coal was burned. There is an insurance of \$1,800 on the contents, and a small insurance on the building.

A hockey club was organized in Picton on Friday evening last.

High Constable Johnston arrested Minnie Blakely on the 3rd, inst., at Keller's Bridge, in Madoc township, on a charge of bigamy and prostitution. She was married to Sanford Blakely in December, 1884, and Paul Deshane in October, 1885. He also arrested her son aged eight years, under the act for protection of children.

John Parsons has been arrested at Medicine Hat on a charge of bigamy. The accused has been living at Medicine Hat for some time, and on October 16 was married to Lucy Harrison. It transpires that Parsons was married in Trenton, in 1894, and has a wife and three children living there.

Married, at the Manse, Picton, on January 2nd, 1895, by the Rev. Donald G. MacPhail, Miss Maud Comer, of Picton, to Robt. Wm. Davidson, of Fredericksburgh.

Married, on Tuesday 1st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Picton, by the Rev. T. M. Campbell, John Sherman Fox, to Florence, daughter of W. R. Dingman, Esq., all of Picton.

At the First Methodist Parsonage, Picton, on Wednesday the 2nd, inst. Andrew D. McFarland, of Picton, was married to Jennie, daughter of Mr. William Fester, of Hallowell.

On the 24th, ult., at the bride's father by the Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., Henry A. Martin, of Yarker, and Emma T. Snider, of Hallowell, were united in wedlock.

Finley, of Flinton; Harding of Coe Hill; Gardner, of Bannockburn; Shaw, of Queensboro; Paine, of Tweed, and Mrs. Plunkett, of Madoc, have each been fined \$25 and costs, by Ont. College of Physicians and Surgeons for practicing medicine.

of the Church Jan. 4th. There were twenty two members and two visitors present.

Two new names were added, to our membership list.

"More and more, still there is more to follow."

The Mission box which was sent to "Rev." Lawrence, "Christian Island" was valued at \$25.

It was decided to have a Missionary Sunday in the interest of the W. M. S. Also to remove some misapprehensions which seem to exist in regard to the relation which the W. M. S. bears to the church and the General Missionary Society.

A gentleman in Selby, gave our president a \$1 bill, and an anonymous friend sent a \$5 bill to the society for the benefit of the Missionary cause; for which we thanked God, and have taken courage.

Our Treasurer transmitted \$16 to branch treasurer, last quarter.

The Kingston Council will investigate alleged boodling among its members. The charges were made by Tunis Snook an ex-Alt.

Oysters, oysters, oysters. Davis' sells them.

Go to Lawson's for cheap meat, Lamb front quarter 8c., hind quarter 9c. steak, 3 lbs. 25c.

Mr. Andrew Emery, an aged resident of Odessa, died there on Dec. 27th. He was over eighty years of age and had been bedridden for a long time.

The trial of Minnie Blakely, on a charge of bigamy and prostitution, came off at Belleville on Monday. She admitted that she had been married to Sandy Blakely, but said that her first husband had left her shortly after they were married. The magistrate allowed her to go, but warned her to have nothing to do with Paul Deshane, who she has been living with for the past few years.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It moves at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. J. Dettor, Druggist.—469.

John Quackenbush, mail contractor, had the misfortune to loose one of his horses last week on the Denbigh Cloyne route. The animal got one foot in a crevice, fell and broke three legs and died in a short time.

Miss M. Koen, of Oates, having finished teaching in one of the Wolfe Island schools, received from the pupils of her school a beautiful plush album, showing her popularity in that section.

On Thursday the 27th, ult., the wife of Gideon Mosier, of Arden, accidentally spilled some hot water over her child, about eight months old. It died on the following Sunday night.

Are you coming for your share of fine goods that are being sold at Chinneck's Jewelry store. You can't help being pleased when you see the beautiful stock and the low prices. We can show you appropriate presents for young and old, costing from a mere trifle up to as costly a present as you care to make. No trouble to show goods.

Mr. C. J. O'Connor has been appointed Post Master at Long Point, and the office removed to his residence.

J. Besau, of Howe Island, met with an accident while feeding his horse, the horse kicked him breaking his arm.

Skin Diseases—Skin diseases are more or less occasioned by bad blood. B. B. H. cures the following skin diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Eruptions, Salt Rheum Scald Head, Eruptions, Eruptions and Itchings by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

Miss J. Gates will teach on Wolfe Island, this year.

The second and only daughter of Lyman Smith, Concession, died quite suddenly Xmas of scarlet fever.

The officers elect of the Belleville Reform Club are: President, J. G. Frost; first vice president, J. L. Biggar; second vice-president, Wm. Williamson; secretary, John Williams; treasurer, A. G. Vermilyea; auditors, C. E. Lyons, Dr. McColl; executive committee, C. E. Lyons, Dr. McColl and J. Landenberg.

After La Grippe—After La Grippe obstinate coughs, laryngitis, etc., frequently follow. There are no remedies so prompt, and at the same time effectual and pleasant, as M. Burn's Cough Cure. It is a combination of Wild Cherry and hypophosphites which is the latest and best combination of anticonsumption remedies. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.